Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. } NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1839. VOL. IX.—No. 29.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A long explanatory letter from R H. L. has this moment come to hand—too late to be attended to this week.

To H. Jr. we are indebted for two excellent letters. He will be cordially welcomed by the "Sub."

The Editor has received with deep sensibility the communication of R. J. W. and hopes to be allowed to acknowledge the honor done him *in propri persona*.

E. M. J.'s wishes shall be attended to at the earliest moment we can spare.

Sam Patch took his last and fatal leap at Genesee Falls, in this state.

Our desk is covered with communications from several favorite correspondents. We shall find room for them as soon as we can dispose of the articles already in type, or which have been promised insertion.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1839.

NON ARRIVAL OF A STEAM SHIP.

The Steam ship "British Queen" has been hourly looked for during the past three days, and accordingly a goodly space in this page was reserved for recording the news brought by her. But, alas! she is still only looked for. These steam-ships play the mischief with the poor New York editors; they are so punctual in their arrival, considering the immense distance they traverse, that when one of them chances to be a few days behind her time, everything is thrown into confusion. Speculation is immediately rife as to the probable cause of her detention—the betting improves as the various chances of accident or foul weather, westerly winds, or the "southern passage," seem to multiply as you reflect upon them. If she is out quite too long, the Insurance officers begin to get nervous—the "Humane Societies" look to their life boats, and talk of immortality, and then the Collector despatches a fast-sailing Revenue-cutter to cruise off the Hook, and try to learn if there is any distress on board.

But these are public and general considerations; in a newspaper office it is the devil itself. A new sub is to be retained to sit up o' nights to clip items from the files she is expected to bring—the editor himself sleeps less soundly than is his wont, dreaming now of a "horrid steam-boat explosion," and then of what is worse, the loss of all his magazines—the boys in the printing-office get nervous and restless, and you are anxious lest any of them should run off and be found wanting when the crisis *does* arrive—extra hands are engaged to drive on the work with rapidity, and you feel a little qualmish yourself about this extra expense—then a great blank has to be left in your paper, to be filled, if the ship comes not, with cheese-parings and clippings from a thousand mouldy sheets, all being stuff that you would never have touched or thought of, had you gone about your work in your usual mode—these are a tithe of the disagreeable attendants upon the non-arrival of one of the great steam-ships. Nor is this the worst of the business, for just as you get an article written announcing their non-arrival, lo! in they come, *as in the present instance.*

The best news brought by this ship, which left Portsmouth on the 3d inst., is the arrival of Mr. STEPHEN PRICE. We hail his coming as peculiarly propitious to the prospect of fun this season at the Park. He can *tell* what is wanting, if there be anything wanting, to give his house the ascendancy this year and the next.

Suppose we should say that FANNY ELLSLER is engaged for the Park? would any young gentleman open his eyes, and get in readiness his best bib and tucker? Be not too hasty, my young friend, she will not be here till March next, but only to think of it.

VANDENHOFF is arrived, with his daughter and niece; so that the National will not go to the devil so soon as some of its enemies have been predicting, thanks to the winds and waves!

We have at last "Bell's Life's" report of the Bloomsbury trial; we had previously that of the daily papers, but preferred to wait for the fuller report of the great English Sporting Chronicle. We will not promise the whole next week, but shall at least then be able to say with the lovely Mrs. Martyn in the grave-digging scene—"I do my best."

We hardly know where to begin (for we must end in a minute) with the sporting news. *Bloomsbury* and *Charles XII.* are each at 14 to 3 for the St. Leger, but the rest of the betting we cannot give this week, "any how we can fix it."

We alluded last week to a correspondence between Lord GEORGE BENTINCK and Mr. SHELLEY, which we said would puzzle even our "grammar king of the Commercial"—we are again reluctantly compelled to omit this correspondence, but it will appear next week.

The Tournament is the greatest event of which we have to speak by this arrival. The first day was horribly wet and the young gentlemen in thin clothes "felt bad." An immense concourse of people were in attendance, and by the latest accounts which we have, no accident had happened. The tilting commenced between two gentlemen who can scarcely be known to our readers, but the second tilt was between the Earl of EGLINTOUN himself and the Marquis of WATERFORD, in which the former retired victor. The short account we have of it, is too interesting to abridge.

The rain fortunately abated at intervals, and the second tilt excited great interest, the combatants being the Lord of the Tournament, the Earl of Eglintoun, and the Knight of the Dragon, the Marquis of Waterford. Both rode well-trained steeds, that of Lord Eglintoun being a noble bay, that of the Marquis a sprightly cream-colored charger. They met in gallant style. In the first course both lances were shivered, and the shock was heard throughout the whole amphitheatre. In the second the Marquis of Waterford started before his antagonist, and thus meeting unequally, they raised their lances, and passed without encounter. In the third the Earl broke his lance upon the Marquis, and retired victor, passing before the Grand Pavillion, and making obeisance to the Queen of Beauty.

We hope soon to give an entire report of the tournament, although the "Star" announces that it was broken up by a deluge of rain.

The Bloomsbury cases have been temporarily determined by the decision which we have before announced. We stated in our last how the different issues in this business stood. The decision in "Ridsdale vs. Lord Lichfield," has been allowed to govern the other principal issue to be tried, viz., that of Ridsdale vs. Craven. There has been a point of law revived in the case, (under the ruling of Baron Maule upon the evidence,) but in all probability it will not affect the ultimate decision of the suits. We more than ever regret (if that be possible) the appeal from a decision of the Jockey Club to a Court of Law.

The Cotton and Harvest news the reader will receive in sufficient season by different papers.

CARADORI ALLAN has arrived in England, as we have before announced perhaps; Miss ELLEN TREE, our most esteemed of favorites, was to play at the Haymarket, on the 3d inst., in *Viola*, in the "Twelfth Night."

POWER played the same nights with MACREADY at the Haymarket;—the expense was supposed to be too heavy for any house to stand—but they "have stood it" thus far.

BALFE and Miss RAINFORTH were playing at the English Opera House.

HACKETT was to appear at Liverpool, on the 2d of September, for the benefit of CLARK, the manager of the Liverpool Theatre.

Van Amburgh and his lions, tigers, &c. &c., appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience on Saturday, the 24th August, at the Porte St. Martin. The theatre was crowded to the ceiling—the spectacle astonished the Parisians, and is likely to attract crowds in the French capital, as it did in London for a considerable period.

The title by which the Hon. SPRING RICE has been raised to the peerage (as announced in our last) is Baron of MONTEAGLE.

We do not meet with the name of Mr. WEBSTER thus far in our researches, from which we infer that he is enjoying himself in Scotland.

Various *nominal*, not *integral*, changes have taken place in the British Ministry;—they are of little consequence in themselves.

The Tournament.—A very general idea had prevailed in society that the scheme of the tournament, which excited so much interest in the higher circles, would be altogether abandoned, for, independent of the amusement being not unattended with danger, many of the knights elect have been startled at the expense. This was originally calculated at £40; terrible, though true, the estimate now approaches £400.

English Editorial Quarrels.—The Editor of the *Manchester Courier* was recently held to bail by the borough magistrates to answer the charge of having publicly horse-whipped the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. The quarrel arose from the latter having applied (in print) to his opponent, the words "crawling, cowardly liar," in a discussion respecting the recent melancholy occurrence at Court. "Satisfaction" had been demanded and refused.

EXPERIENCE IN BREEDING.

Young turfmen are so anxious for information on this subject, that, at the risk of offending some of our Administration friends, we give insertion to the following letter from a Tennessee tyro. His success has hardly been equal to his enterprise, but yet may useful hints be derived from his communication. We regret that he should have mingled any politics with it; but in overlooking it, as we do, we but follow the rule often before laid down by us, and acted upon, never to insert a line written for the purpose of exerting a pure party influence, nor yet to exclude a good communication upon a sporting subject, because it may be tinged with the writer's political feelings.

Near LA GRANGE, 30th August, 1839.

Dear Sir—Your very little esteemed favour of 21st inst. [a gentle dun] came to hand just this moment, and I hasten to reply while the associations it produces are fresh in my mind. I had an old *one-eyed* grey mare in foal with a horse they called *Chesterfield*, of the "real grit," some three years ago. The mare herself was by *Muckle John*, her dam by *Quicksilver*, her g. d. by *Genus*, I think the fellow said; I stopt him just there, and told him he had gone far enough, she was as good blood as I wanted. On 14th March, 1837, the colt was "*drapt*," as old Formby says—he is the man who beats any thing wrapt in horse leather at the "Standing Rock"—"a quarter of a mile, or six hundred yards." Well, the object of my deepest solicitude, and most sanguine hopes, came. Its first appearance was any thing but flattering; my negroes held a "*conflutement*" over it, and pretty well agreed amongst themselves that it was *a mule!!* I knew it could not be that, for I had paid *fifty dollars* for the season, and besides Jackass blood could'nt mingle with "Quicksilver" and "Genus." You might as well attempt to *mingle honesty with the Sub Treasury*. I was most "obstropulously" delighted the first time I saw the blooded quadruped frisk, jump, and gambol about its dam; thinks I to myself, you *gambol* now, and will *gamble* by-and-bye. I named her Sub Treasury right off, thinking that any cross upon *that* would run. I thought I could see lightning in her mane—steam engines in her belly, and four mile heats all over her. She grew in my admiration much faster than in size; but then all my neighbours who came to see her said that pure blooded animals were never very large.

Thus matters stood when the filly was one year old. About this time a little low squatty fellow, by the name of JETER, came to La Grange with "a Stud of horses," I think he called it. His horses had more dams, g. dams, g. g. dams, and sires, than he could call over in an hour. He could trace the pedigree of each up to the horse old Noah took into the Ark; and I suppose if any Turf Register had survived the deluge he would have carried them back to the horse that had the fight with the Stag; you recollect the fable, &c.—The Stag had proved too hard for the horse, w proposed to the man to take him on his back, and by his fleetness and strength could keep up with the antlered adversary, and thereby enable the man to kill him at his leisure. The plan succeeded admirably. It slew the "*monster*," but when the conflict was over, and the horse desired the man to dismount, he refused, saying he had just found out "w hat's what." It has been a perfect Sub Treasury business with the poor horse, ever since, and all his progeny. I invited this Mr. Jeter out to see my filly. He pronounced her faultless—said 'she would do to *gamble* on'. I involuntarily run my hand into my pocket to feel if the money had not begun to grow there already.

In about eighteen or twenty days I heard of yourself for the first time. I received a number of the "Spirit of the Times" and "Turf Register." Is it, possible, thought I, that Mr. Porter has heard of my filly! I took the paper and read every word in it to see if there was any thing in it about her—I was disappointed, but thought the next number would tell all about it. That was the time you ought to have dunned me. I would have sold a crop of cotton and paid half of it in advance in subscription to your paper. Some six months afterwards, the aforesaid Jeter informed me that he had your paper sent to me and that if I would not pay for it he would. I offered him the amount of subscription, but he refused to take it, saying that in due time I should be called on, &c. It was a good thing he didn't take the money—it would have been a dead loss—for in about three weeks he tried *his own bottom and speed*, both of which proved better than any of his stud, for he was off some hundred or two miles in less time than staying at home. It is supposed by some who feel somewhat interested in the matter, that he won deeper stakes himself than any of his horses had ever done. My filly at this time is any thing but promising—her blood is too pure—will never have size enough. I think if cotton was *thirty cents* Mr. Jeter would give thirty dollars for her. When my man Charles sheared the sheep, he asked me if he moutn't shear Sub Treasury too; I told him to go ahead, and he got a right sharp fleece from her. This, sir, is a brief history of my horse mania. It has satisfied me that I never shall be as renowned as WM. R. JOHNSON in the business of rearing blooded horses.

You will please excuse this nonsense, although it contains a great deal of truth. I ordered the Post-master some time ago to inform you to stop your paper, but it seems he did not do it. Nothing, sir, but the great scarcity of money brought me to this conclusion. It is so scarce I cant tell how scarce it is—I don't think a U. S. Bank could make it much scarcer. If money is scarce in New York it is a gone case. If there is no blood in the heart of commerce it is a perfect state of collapse, for there is none in the extremities. Dr. Van Buren has but one prescription—"*bleeding and hot water.*" Like San Grado he has written a book upon the subject, and therefore can't change his practice. From present signs it seems that Van will win the next four mile heat; he has been the favorite, but not backed very strong until lately—two to one is offered and but few stand up to it. Enclosed is $10, which will pay odd scores up to this date and leave a small balance in my favor; you can send your paper until you think we are even. When I get another blood mare you will hear from me.

Yours, very respectfully, R. D.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON INTELLIGENCE.

[From Bell's Life in London of Aug. 4th.]

Her Majesty's Cup is to be sailed for on Saturday, the 17th inst.

The Yacht Squadron Annual Ball will take place on Wednesday, the 21st instant.

Two pieces of place, value £50 each, will be sailed for by yachts of the 4th class (55 tons and under 70 tons) on Tuesday, the 20th: and yachts of the 5th class (70 and 90 tons,) on Thursday, the 22d inst.

There will be fireworks on the evening of the 17th inst.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

On Tuesday the members of this Club gave a very handsome silver-gilt Cup and Cover, to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding ten tons. It was the annual above-bridge match, and the distance sailed on these occasions is from buoys moored off the Temple Gardens, round a flag buoy stationed off Putney Meadows, and back to the place of starting. The weather was extremely unpropitious; but notwithstanding the rain descended throughout the contest, many boats accompanied it, among which a four, manned by the Cambridge gentlemen, was conspicuous. The following yachts were entered to sail, but only three of them competed, the Arrow and Haidee not coming to their stations:—

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Colors.
Haidee	7	N. Pegg, Esq.	Blue and White
Ripple	9	B. Holt, Esq.	Blue, with White Diamond
Arrow	7	R. Franknam, Esq.	Blue, with White Arrow
Sylphide	9	H. T. Fowler, Esq.	Red, with White Cross
Caroline	10	D. Ramsay, Esq.	Blue, with White Ball

The Ripple was formerly called the Gem; the Sylphide is the well known Lady Emma, late the property of Mr. T. Hewes; and the Caroline was recently the property of a gentleman at Hammersmith, who named her the Albion. Precisely at four o'clock W. H. Harrison. Esq., the Commodore, gave the signal for starting from an eight-oared cutter, manned by members of the Club. The wind was east by south, and but little of it at the time. They canted round in pretty good style, and were soon under weigh; the Ripple, however, owing to the immense mainsail she carried, being rather behind the others in getting properly in trim. The Sylphide then showed in front, and led under Waterloo bridge, followed by the Caroline, and the Ripple close in their wake Off Peach's roads the Ripple endeavored to wind the Caroline, but the latter luffed, which compelled her opponent to pursue a course inside the barge roads. She, however, lost nothing by this; in fact it was rather an advantage, for in a few minutes she headed the Caroline, and then went in advance of the Sylphide to leeward. The mainsail of the latter yacht was badly set, owing we presume to the topping lift being too taught, and as she was not particularly well brought under Westminster bridge, the Ripple had the lead off Lambeth church, at least twenty boat's lengths. A breeze sprung up about this time, but after passing under Vauxhall it died away, and in Chelsea reach the Sylphide had materially decreased her distance astern. The first two yachts "shot" the difficult bridge at Battersea very smartly; but the mast of the Caroline was lowered too suddenly, and a great deal more in our opinion than was necessary. The last named vessel, however, brought up a breeze in Wandsworth reach, and came pretty well up to the Sylphide. They "doubled" the flag buoy off the meadows as follows: The Ripple at 55 minutes past 4; the Sylphide at 56½ minutes past 4, and the Caroline in half a minute after the second yacht. We did not at all admire the manner in which the leading vessel rounded the buoy; it was accomplished in a better manner by the Sylphide, and as the tide had not run its course, the latter was soon on an equality with the Ripple. While beating over the tide on the south shore, the Sylphide, in coming out on the starboard tack, hailed the Ripple to "go about," which the owner refused to do, thinking himself no doubt well ahead, and some little confusion ensued, which ended in the Sylphide going astern. The Caroline then became second, but did not long maintain that place, the Sylphide overhauling the leading yacht at every board, and succeeded in passing her off the Distillery. Scarcely, however, had she accomplished this than to the regret of all she carried away her mast, about three feet from the head, which of course put her entirely out of the match. The Ripple now "bowsed" down a couple of reefs, and ultimately came in the winner, at 32 minutes past six, beating the Caroline by a considerable distance. In the evening, between 30 and 40 gentlemen, members of the Club, and their friends, sat down to an excellent dinner at the Club-house, where the cup, which was decidedly the largest and handsomest ever sailed for above bridge, was filled with generous port, and after the health of her Majesty, the Patroness of the Society, had been drunk with all due honor, was handed to Mr. Holt in a complimentary speech by the Commodore. The evening was spent in a truly harmonious manner, and among the toasts drank was "Mr. Egan and the Cambridge crew," that gentleman and several other Cantabs being present.

The monthly meeting of the Club was held on Thursday night, the Commodore in the chair, when several members were elected, and others proposed for ballot. As there were but few yacht owners present, many being at various parts of the coast, combined with other circumstances, it was resolved that as three splendid cups had been given this season, and that the club had, in carrying out the matches, expended upwards of £200, no other prize should be given this year. It was also agreed that the yachts of the Club should rendezvous at Greenwich on the 22d inst at 11 o'clock, A. M., and proceed on a grand excursion in company, under the orders of the Commodore. The members are to dine at the Club-house, Gravesend, on that day, and afterwards get under weigh to some other port to be then agreed on. On the motion of Mr Egan (who made a most excellent speech on the subject), it was unanimously resolved that a donation from the club should be forwarded towards the erection of the monument in memory of the immortal Nelson; but it was also agreed that the exact amount should not be fixed till the next meeting. The Commodore drew the attention of the meeting to the Yarmouth Regatta, which is fixed for Thursday next, and observed that the committee had invited the Royal Thames Yacht Club to contend for a handsome silver cup. He (the Commodore) should be present at the regatta, and he hoped that he should meet many members there. The Club then adjourned.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

MANSION-HOUSE.

A large woman, of very formidable appearance, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having committed the ugly assault of spitting in the eye of a rival oysterwoman, named Mary Hill.

The defendant, who said that her name was Nance Young, was introduced to his Lordship as the terror or that pattern for all neighborhoods, Whitechapel Market The policeman by whom she was escorted to the Justice-room, said that the moment she appeared with a little drop in her eye there was an end to their function of peace-making, and the d—l himself was but a mere baby compared to her.

Mrs. Hill said, that being rather thirsty, she went into a neighboring public-house for a drop of water, which she considered to be the most wholesome drink in the morning. As Mrs. Young entertained very different opinions on the subject, they were not quite fit for each other's company, and Mrs. Young tried to provoke her to fight, by reflecting upon the drinkers of Adam's ale, and finding that bad language would not accomplish her object, gave her what she called a "spectoration" on the left eye. As soon as she got her eye clear of the treat, she called for the police, but Mrs. Young got hold of her, and both went down together in the pugilistic style, the big one uppermost.

There was no additional evidence as to the assault, but multitudes were present who begged that Mrs. Young might be removed from the place for ever, as nothing could resist her temper or strength.

The Lord Mayor—Well, Mrs. Young, so we are to be constantly annoyed by you?

Mrs. Young—Arrah, thin, God knows it's meself that's abused by such varmint. There aint a quieter nor a better conducted lamb in this town than meself; and I'm sure I'd rather take a beating a thousand times nor give one, God help me. But this is what I get for my kindness.

The Lord Mayor—Do you call the brutal offence of spitting in this woman's face a kindness?

Mrs. Young—Ah, then, its meself that didn't think of such a thing. All I did was to offer her a drop of beer I was drinking meself, and the d—l a drop she'd take in friendship.

Mrs. Hill—It was a very nice way to give a lady a drop of beer, for to go and take a mouthful, and let it fly through her teeth into my eye.—(Laughter.)

Mrs. Young—Oh, the Lord save us, my good woman; you don't say that, do you? Well, you surprise me; but you see, my Lord, in my country when we're trying any liquor to see whether it's good, we've a way of running it round our mouth and squirting it out, so that the good woman might have got a little of it unknownst.

A policeman—My Lord, she says to us that she does not care a pin about a man, and she snaps her fingers at us.

Mrs. Young—God bless the man, I never said such a thing; sure aint we made for each other—don't we just fit?—(Laughter.) Why there is meself and my husband. If I didn't care for the men, do you think him and me would be so comfortable together?

The Lord Mayor—Your husband is not able, if I am informed rightly, to manage you.

Mrs. Young—Faith, he has managed me these four and twenty years, and I hope he'll manage me for twenty years more; if not, by my sowl, I'll try and manage him.—(Laughter)

The Lord Mayor—Well, he must come and bail you, for I shall not let you go without receiving security that you will not offend the neighbourhood any more. I dare say you will find it difficult to prevail upon him.

Mrs. Young—Oh, Lord bless your Honour, he'll never be happy till I'm with him again. "Peg, dear, (to a dirty-faced girl), fetch Bill."

The husband made his appearance in due time. He was a tall lank Chelsea pensioner, who had evidently seen a great deal of service—since he came home.

The Lord Mayor—Well, my good man, do you know what you are going to do?

The pensioner stared at the Lord Mayor, and then at his wife.

Mrs. Young—Arrah, then, to be sure he knows what he's going to do, your Honour. (In an under tone, to her husband)—Why the hell don't you speak up, ould Snooks?—(A laugh.)

The Pensioner—Oh, your Lordship, I am ready to bail my wife; she's a very good woman.

The Lord Mayor—Take care what you are about. You are to become responsible for her future conduct; and if she commits another breach of the peace you will be imprisoned if you don't pay 40*l*.

The poor man looked terrified, and again turned round to his wife, who had prepared her face for him. After giving him a poke with her elbow, she said to him, in what is called a pig's whisper, "Why the d—l don't you tell him you aren't afeared?"

The Pensioner (with a very dejected visage)—I an't afraid of her, your Lordship; she won't do no harm. Will you, Nance?

Mrs. Young—Harm! no; I'll do no more harm nor you can do; and God knows that's not much. (A laugh.)

The Lord Mayor—Well, you may take her away with you now; but I would advise you to leave the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Young—Yes, your honour, we'll quit it altogether, for they're such a blackguard set about it that no dacent respectable Irish people can go through the street without being mislisted; and I return your honour thanks for serving them out so properly. (A laugh.)

The veteran soldier and his wife then left the police room, but the poor husband appeared not to relish the serious manner in which the Lord Mayor described the nature of the responsibility in which he was held.

ODDS AND ENDS CONCERNING ANGLING.

BY JAMES YARRUM CLAVE.

I have often wished that sportsmen, whether they were devoted especially to one branch of sporting or not, would from time to time give each other the benefit of their thoughts, wishes, readings, and gleanings of all sorts, without attempting to be too scientific concerning the matters or things they were writing about; for much may be picked up and put together by the humblest individual, that may be useful, or pleasing, to almost all the pursuers of his favorite sport. Tommy Moore, the amatory poet of England, has a quaint but beautiful idea, in one of his poetical epistles, published many years ago; he is thinking of friends far away, and recollecting a certain wise man of Crotona, who beats Mr. Rowland Hill's penny postage all to *Smithereens*, by writing on the moon; he thus apostrophizes that beautiful luminary,—

"Sweet moon! if like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand might dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;"

and then goes on to speculate on the friends whose "wandering eyes" would gather information from "my lady moon."—True it is we shall never be able to match the *old gentleman* of Crotona, in any such thing, nor consequently to blot the fair orb of night with our nonsense; but have we not the *Sportsman*, and its kind editor, who will readily make the pages thereof an ample disk for us to inscribe with our thoughts and wishes, our fancies and our gleanings.

My favorite sport is angling, and to that I generally devote what paper I may spoil with pen and ink, though I hate to be tied down too closely to my subject, and if a thought steals across my mind not *sui generis* to my subject, when the *cacoethes scribendi* is upon me, why I like to set it down, as I have just done with the few remarks on that excellent lyrist, Thomas Moore. My intention at present was to have a bit of chat with my brethren of the angle, as to what has been done in the present season, and what may be expected for the remainder of it. The trout and salmon fishing commenced under most unfavorable circumstances; never perhaps was there a colder and more ungenial time, than when the first flies were thrown in the north; decidedly more colds than fish were caught, as a proof of which, take the following extract from a northern newspaper.—

"SALMON FISHING.—Owing to the extreme coldness of the weather, rod-fishing in the Tweed and Teviot for the last week or two has not proved very successful. Occasionally, however, one or two of the noblemen and gentlemen pursuing this amusement have enjoyed excellent sport. One of the most fortunate anglers, we understand, was the Marquis of Salisbury, who, under the guidance of the "salmon slayer," succeeded in killing, one day last week, eight fish in the Trows water, of considerable weight, among which was a clean salmon of 18 lbs. This fish, we learn, was forwarded by the noble Marquis as a present to his Grace the Duke of Wellington. On a subsequent day the noble Marquis killed fifteen fish in the Rutherford water, several of which weighed from 18 lbs. to 23 lbs., though there was not a single clean fish among the lot."

Here it is quite clear that the noble Marquis was too early for the fish; the almanack indeed seemed to say it was "time," but nature said "no" It was a pity that so many as 15 foul fish should have been so taken, but it was one of those things that could not well be avoided, and the noble angler would naturally think, as he had taken a clean fish, that he should find more in the same state—who was the "Salmon slayer" mentioned in the paragraph? Some *dab* at the sport, no doubt; a man up to a thing or two anent the finny tribes and their haunts. For my own part, I should have been better pleased to have read that the nobleman had taken his fish unaccompanied by the "*Salmon slayer*."

I will just give another proof of the backwardness of the season in the beautiful river Tay; also taken from a northern paper.

"TAY SALMON FISHING.—The state of the weather has been very unfavorable for the salmon fishing since the commencement of the season. There is literally no salmon taking in the Tay at present."

However, thanks be to providence, the cold and wretched gloom has departed from us; Sol has deigned to bless us with his genial smiles; hosts of happy anglers have accoutred themselves, and dimpled the silvery streams of the north with their glowing flies, and been well rewarded by both trout and salmon. What can be more glorious than the capture of a fine full-grown salmon? it is perfectly overpowering, and carries a man beyond himself, even to see it done:—but to do it!!—indeed I can safely say with "old Izaak," that I envy no man his wealth, or his power, his rank, or his ambition; but I only envy him who catches more and better fish than I do; and yet the envy has a touch of friendliness in it at the same time; it is an envy that will make you endeavor by greater practise to increase your skill, so as to compete with, and it may be, beat your more favored friend; this is the only feeling that should embue a true angler, and then your envy will become emulation. But to return to the capture of a salmon; I am sure I shall be excused, perhaps thanked, for quoting some lines descriptive of such an event, which give with exquisite force and tact, a most poetical and yet sporting account of the whole thing:—here it is:—

THE TAKING OF THE SALMON.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's on,
A goodly fish! a thumper!
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,
And if we land him we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,
The strong, the quick, the steady;
The line darts from the active wheel,
Have all things right and ready.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out,
Far on the rushing river;
Onwards he holds with sudden leap,
Or plunges through the whirlpool deep,
A desperate endeavor!
Hark to the music of the reel,
The fitful and the grating;
It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried—now abating.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's off!
No, no, we still have got him;
The wily fish is sullen grown,
And like a bright imbedded stone
Lies gleaming at the bottom.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis hushed, it hath forsaken;
With care we'll guard the magic wheel,
Until its notes rewaken.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's up,
Give line, give line and measure;
But now he turns!—keep down a-head,
And lead him as a child is led,
And land him at your leisure.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis welcome, it is glorious;
It wanders through the winding wheel,
Returning and victorious.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's in,
Upon the bank extended;
The princely fish is gasping slow,
His brilliant colors come and go,
All beautifully blended.
Hark to the music of the reel!
It murmurs and it closes;
Silence is on the conquering wheel,
Its wearied line reposes.

Should any of your critical readers find fault with either the sporting or poetical qualities of the foregoing, I would only ask them to try and produce a better, and give us the benefit of it in a future number of the *Sportsman*.

To shew that matters in regard to angling have much improved, as the weather has become warmer, many anecdotes of successful anglers have been told, and some inserted in the different Journals; among the latter is a statement of a remarkable three hours' sport, enough to excite the envy of many a less fortunate sportsman.

"SALMON FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Thursday, the 14th ult., Richard Higgins, Esq., of Whitney Wood *between the hours of three and six*, P. M., caught and landed eight fine salmon, weighing in the aggregate upwards of 70lbs. One other was hooked, but broke away, and four others rose at the fly. This, perhaps, is a feat unexampled in the annals of fly-fishing; but the acknowledged skill of the veteran disciple of "Izaak," who was for many years famed as the best salmon angler on the Wye, renders this statement extraordinary, though it be perfectly worthy of credence. The fly was of Mr. H.'s own make, and the fish were all caught in the long stream near the clock-mill, in the parish of Clifford, under St. Oswald's Wood, Mr. Higgins's property."

Well done, Mr. Higgins! such sport is enough to make any man proud; he must have wanted a porter to help him home with his load of fish. Really, the taking a lot of roach, dace, perch, &c., though pretty amusement enough, and what most of us *Southrons* are obliged to content ourselves with, sinks to nothing in one's estimation after the perusal of such a feat as the above.

At the risk of having this article called "a thing of shreds and patches," which, by the bye, is all that I intended it should be, I must go on quoting; and in this instance will be recorded one of those singular whims often exhibited by the scaly tribes as to their food. The baits mostly preferred by trout are flies of various sorts, minnows and other small fry, worms, and the writer of this has taken trout with both paste and gentiles; but in this case the bait selected was of a very different description, except, indeed, that it was somewhat like the paste. I believe the real fact is, that when a fish is hungry, and he sees something edible come within his reach, he bolts it without considering for a moment whether it is not as ungenteel for a trout to take any bait but minnow or fly, as it is for an angler to be found fishing for aforesaid trout with any common or more vulgar bait. Here, then, is my next shred:—

"The trout of the river Aire have been justly held in high estimation for the solidity of their flesh and superiority of their flavour; a specimen not only combining these qualities, but of gigantic size (weighing a few ounces short of six pounds) was recently caught in Uteley deeps, near Keighley, by Mr. Carr, of that place. This "monarch of the flood," and "patriarch of his species," had doubtless resisted many baits, but, in a luckless moment, he was overcome and deceived by the *brains of a cow*. The fortunate captor presented the product of his sport to Frederick Greenwood, Esq., of Ryshworth Hall, by whom he was well rewarded for his trouble."

I have known the brains of a cow or ox used for chub, and have understood it was a killing bait; as also the pith (spinal marrow) of the backbone of the same animal, a similar sort of bait, in fact; but however killing they may be, the mode of using these things, as described to me, was sufficiently disgusting; they are not to be cooked, but the fittest pieces picked out for the hook, and the remainder to be, from time to time, *chewed by the angler*, and thrown in as ground bait. Surely this is nastier than using a worm, about which certain overnice sportsmen make such a fuss. One little remark suggests itself to me in perusing the above anecdote, which is, that Mr. Carr, the captor of the trout spoken of, from his allowing himself to be *well rewarded* for the fish when he made a present of it, appears to be a man who, to a certain extent, angles for a livelihood. I do not name this from any invidious feeling, but merely to show that *such men* generally are more cunning, and contrive, by singular baits and means, to get fish when others cannot.

Talking of odd baits, I was once induced, while out angling for roach and dace, to try the white of a hard egg, on which I was lunching, as a bait and the fish bit eagerly at it, and I caught a few; but the very fragile nature of the bait soon tired me of it.

As I am on the subject of baits, and in a gleaning mood, I will just introduce another scrap, which, though it is taken from that sober work, the *Edinburgh Journal*, smacks more than a little of Jonathanism. It is an old joke to talk of catching fish with *a silver hook*, but here the haddock had condescended to take copper.

"COIN FOUND IN A FISH.—Last week, as a "guidwife" of Irvine was in the act of gutting a haddock of about 4½lbs. weight, which had been caught in the day, she was astonished to discover in its gullet an American copper coin of the year 1783, in excellent preservation. The halfpenny (or cent) appears nearly as fresh as if newly from the mint. On one side is the likeness of the great champion of American freedom, wreathed with laurel, with the inscription Washington and Independence; on the other a figure of Liberty, with her cap, and the words "United States." The haddock is peculiar to the Northern Sea, but known to be extremely migratory."

Far be it from me to say the above is *a white one*; at all events it savours of the marvellous, that a fish should have chosen such an ancient coin; the taste of the haddock would have seemed better, and more gallant, if he could have picked up a Victoria sovereign, or even half-a-dozen of her fourpenny bits, vulgarly called *Joey's*; for besides being brighter baits, they would have rewarded the Scotch *guidwife* better for her pains in gutting the fish.

One more short anecdote, and I shall have done with feats of angling for the present:—

"A pike weighing fourteen pounds was caught last week in the river at Hungerford, by Major Hilliard, when spinning a small minnow with a single gut, after an anxious struggle of twenty-five minutes. It is deemed singular that such a diminutive bait should have attracted the leviathan, and that he should have been landed with a single gut."

Here we have another added to the many instances gone before of chance-medley angling; nothing but the most fortunate mode of hooking the pike, added to the skill of Major Hilliard in playing his fish, could have enabled him to bring his game to bag; for if the gut had (which was most likely it would have done) got between the pike's teeth, good bye to the fish; he would have sawed the gut in two in the twinkling of an eye. Pike, by-the-bye, are not in very good order at present.

I was recently reading an account of the mode of making fishing gut, which many a tyro in the art of angling would scarcely believe, so strong as it is, was the produce of so diminutive a creature as the silkworm, yet so it is. A little quotation on this subject may not be uninteresting, and will decidedly keep up the wandering, gossiping style of this article. The mode of manufacturing the gut has been for a long time a secret, but is no longer so, and is thus described in the work I quote from:—

"A number of the largest and best looking silkworms are selected for the purpose of forming it, at the moment when they have done eating, and are just in a condition to spin silk. There is then a thread issuing from the mouth or nose. Plunge the worms at that time into strong vinegar, and cover over the vessel during about twelve or fourteen hours. It should be in warm weather. Then take a worm out, and pull him gently asunder. You will now observe two entrails; they are round, transparent, and looking greenish; there are others, but the latter are soft, and wear the appearance of boiled spinach; these are good for nothing, and break easily. Not so the silk gut, provided the worm has been long enough in the vinegar. Whilst their soaking takes place you must provide yourself with a piece of flat smooth thin board, and on each edge, in a a parallel line, must be cut a slit; into this insert one end of the gut, and pull gently until it is stretched out a foot or so long, and keep it there by inserting the loose end into the other slit. Then take another worm and serve it the same—thus a board a foot long or better will hold twenty or thirty guts. Put them into the sunshine to dry, and in a short time you have "the fishing gut." The worm, however, from whose entrails the tackle is usually made, is not of the common sort of *Phœlena bombyx mori*, but is called *Kouthuri-mooga*, and is of such a size that its cocoon, as it is termed, is the size of a pullet's egg. It came originally from central India, where they are wild in the woods in immense quantities, but in Spain they are domesticated and taken great care of, on account of their product."

And now let me say to my brothers of the angle, especially those in the vicinage of the metropolis, that I hope and believe we may look for a good finish to the fishing season this year.

In a recent number of the *Sportsman*, an article of mine was inserted remarking on the new society for the preservation of the breed of fish in the river Thames, and the punishment of all those who break through the laws regarding the fence months, and the use of improper nets. In that article I expressed my fears, and they were very honest fears, that the society, however well-intentioned and willing, would be unable fully to carry out their design; but I am very happy to recant that opinion, and now to state that I believe they are quite likely to effect their purpose, and that in the succeeding summer and autumn months, there will be decent sport in the beautiful river Thames. I visited a friend at Teddington a few days ago, from whom I heard this fact, and I can well believe him, as he is a keen lover of the sport. To show the strictness with which matters are carried on, my friend stated that a short time back he wanted a dish of eels, but upon applying to the fishermen, he was told they *dared not* catch any, owing to the confounded "Preservation Society," whose men keep such a sharp look out, that they could not lay a line without the greatest danger of being *nabbed*. And they deem this the harder upon them, considering, as they do, that *eels are not fish at all*; and they go so far as to relate that some former Magistrate at Hampton once decided so, and dismissed a complaint on that ground. They now seem to want such another *Daniel* to come to judge for them. It is also said that the fishermen are subscribing a fund to resist any prosecution of the Society against their members. Still the thing has done, and is doing, great good, and I think I can promise a fair day's sport, in a month or two, or even earlier, to the metropolitan angler.

It has been often mooted amongst anglers, whether fishes have any attachment to each other, and the matter has been variously viewed by various persons, the majority seeming to think there was but little ground for considering there was much attachment for each other in these cold-blooded creatures; but the other day in reading that excellent work of Youatt's on humanity to brutes, I met with an instance which tends to the contrary, and which I shall quote without apology.

"I once had occasion to observe the strength of friendship which can exist even between fish I was accustomed to keep some gold fish in a large glass globe. I do not think that I should do so now, for whatever care I might take of them, still it was a state of imprisonment to which I was dooming them. It so happened that from some cause, the nature of which I do not now recollect, my stock was diminished to two; I gave away one of them. The other from that moment refused to eat, he lay motionless at the bottom of the water, and, as I thought, was evidently pining away. It struck me that he was mourning the loss of his companion. I shall never forget the evident joy and strange antics to which he abandoned himself when his companion was restored to him."

Surely this looks like *warmth* of feeling in a *cold-blooded* being.

It is time I drew this article to a close; I should be sorry to weary any reader of the "Sportsman," but as I am not always "i' the vein" for scribbling, and frequently still less so for selecting and quoting, though at the first blush it appears mighty easy, I shall finish, as I began, with another quotation, and I am sure if any one shall be induced from what I say, and from the quotation, to read the whole work, they will be highly gratified; at least I think so. The work I speak of has nothing in its title to lead to an expectation that one word on the subject of angling would be found in it, it is entitled "Notes of a Wanderer in search of health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, up the Danube and down the Rhine. By W. S. Cumming, M. D. &c. &c." The writer is a Scotsman, and his feelings towards his native country are continually escaping in the course of his narrative, which is exceedingly amusing, and of exceeding variety. The Doctor is also an angler, and he as frequently alludes, in the most delightful way, to the sports of his youth, as he does to dear Scotland. He is ascending the river Nile, and instead of describing the immediate scenery, he breaks out into a most pleasing episode on angling, suggested partly by the river, and partly, perhaps principally, by an examination of his fishing book, which is a constant companion of all his travels, and which he says he always carries with him, "to keep alive the memory of the happiest period of his life."

"I passed," says he, "this forenoon in examining and meditating over my stock of salmon flies. They are three dozen in number, and most of them have tasted blood during my last fishing campaign, in the summer of 1835. Some in the Findhorn—some in the Ness—the Ewe—the Tweed—and, 'though last, not least in love,' in Laggan's Waters. Made a separate and minute examination of each particular fly—inspecting them in various lights, and drawing their wings through my lips to see how they looked when wet. The whole forenoon passed like a delightful dream. It was not merely the salmon I had caught, but the persons and scenes connected with them 'that fond memory brought to light.' There is no amusement upon earth at all to be compared to salmon-fishing—it is sport for the gods, aye, and for goddesses to! There are moments in the life of an angler known to no other sportsman, 'glimpses,' (in the words of a devoted brother of the rod) 'snatched from heaven'..... I have often fished the Findhorn a whole day without catching anything, and returned home far from disappointed. 'Tis true *that* river has charms for me possessed by no other—each tree, and rock, and pool being associated in my memory with 'the smiles, the tears of boyhood's years.'..... Give me the rapid mountain stream, dashing in foaming haste to its ocean bed, and far from the haunts of men. But in order to be supremely happy, I must be alone. One of the chief charms of angling is in the solitude—the deep and romantic solitude around. I never like to fish with a companion, no matter how kindred his feelings are with my own. The sight even of an occasional passer by, or of a farm with its smiling fields and lowing herds, takes from my happiness, and tends to dissipate the charm of seclusion. These are objects, fair and pastoral, and comely to behold; but they are not in unison with the particular train of thoughts I love on such occasions exclusively to cherish. I would bury myself in the deep recesses of the rocky Findhorn, wishing to see no object that reminded me of humanity, and alternating the eagerness of sport with the indulgence in sweet and sober contemplation—'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'"

This is the language of a thorough-paced, enthusiastic, and true-hearted angler; it is charming to read it; and the man who, albeit not a fisher, can peruse it without being in some degree excited by the enthusiasm of the writer, is fit for "stratagems," and all the rest of it, that Shakspeare has described. For my own part, when I read it, I wished myself at least a thousand miles from the haunts of men, deep in some silent glen, and like the worthy M. D., with no companions but my rod and my creel; and certain I am many a reader of the Sportsman will wish the same thing.

If I were to go on writing for another hour, I could say nothing half so good to finish with as what the Doctor has so well said; and I shall therefore say to

my readers, *Vale*, wishing them lots of fine weather, and lots of fine sport, till latter autumn shall commence his russet reign, and bring shooting and hunting back again to cheer the sporting world. J. Y. C.

London, June 18, 1839. London Sportsman.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

"N." UPON HIS RETURN.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 10, 1839.

My Dear P.—I have been here several days, yet I have but little "*horse*" news—none of the entries for the Great Sweepstakes are here; *Wagner* is at New-Port; *Townes* is at Bardstown, and of the whereabouts of the others I am ignorant. All are said to be fine, excepting *Musedora* and *Tarlton*, both of which are, I understand, out of training. There is every variety of betting—Wagner is the favorite—Townes is in high repute, while *Grey Eagle* has made a trial that places him No. 1 with those who are knowing to it. Col. Oliver has done much to the Course, and improvements are still going on. Louisville will be crowded, for even now the hotels are well filled. In addition to the interest which the *great race* will cause, there will be a most exciting race, the 4 mile day, for the $1500. I regret much that I am under the necessity of leaving on to-morrow for the Arks. But business before pleasure, as the man said when (you know the balance).

Louisville is rather gayer than usual for the seasen. Rumor says a "foreign Count" is shortly to lead to the altar one of the most brilliant, gifted, and beautiful of Kentuck's daughters. This will cause great sensation among the thousand and one who have knelt at the shrine of her worth, beauty, and talents.—There are some beautiful buildings recently finished and being finished. The new Court House will be a magnificent affair. The Presbyterian Church is the most beautiful thing I ever saw, and the new Episcopal church is said to be the very richest affair, inside, that the eye ever beheld.

Speaking of churches—on last Sunday I heard Parsons—*Parson* Parsons, of the Methodist Church; I entered the church after he had commenced—he took no text—his subject, that of missionaries. His language was rich and his delivery fine; it was theatrical, yet subdued and without rant; occasionally he was brilliant, always eloquent; his figures were simple and striking—one I recollect. He spoke of charity as the brightest of the christian virtues—called on the rich and poor to exercise it in behalf of the noble cause in which Missionaries were engaged—"Fling your treasures," said he, "into the lap of the Lord,—draw on heaven, and you need have no fear that your draft will be protested." He is destined to cut a tall figure in the profession he has chosen.

Truly yours, N.

THE CAMPAIGN IS OPENING.

Limestone Springs, S. C.

Dear Sir,—The races commence at this place the first Monday in October, and although the Secretary has advertised as to the general particulars, a few details may not be uninteresting to the sporting community. There are now twenty-one horses in training here, and it is said Mr. Duncan of Greenville has a string of ten, Mr. Henderson of the same place, five or six, and Dr. M'Dowell of N. Carolina, as many, that will be here.

In one string here is *Big John*, with more notoriety than fame; he is a chesnut, six years old, by Bertrand; he is complaining in one leg, and it is thought will not "appear in public on the stage." Next is *Legatee*, a 4 year old, by Godolphin; he is sometimes called "Enoree," and sometimes "Mint Julap," from the great celebrity of his owner in making and drinking this beverage; but the first is his legal name. He is in color a brown, 15 hands high, and one of the prettiest horses in the country; is speedy and promising,—now in fine life and condition. Next is *Ella*, a 4 year old imported filly by Emilius, a bay, 15¾ hands high; a fine mover, and relies principally upon strong family connections for distinction,—she is untried, but of fair promise. Next is *Jacob Coogler*, a bright bay, 3 years old, by Tonson; he is moving well, evidently improving, will always eat his allowance, and can whip any thing of his inches in the stalls,—he is quite a pretty colt, 15 hands high. Next is a nice little "tit-bit" without distinction or name, an imported filly, 3 years old, by Actæon,—she is about 4 feet 11 inches high, a bay, of great apparent strength and bone. Last and least is a 3 year old "mile filly," about 4 feet 9, of fine bone and quick action,—intended, I suppose, for a "mile nag," yet she is "clean kivered," and is occasionally galloped.

In another string is *Almyra* by Eclipse; it is enough of her to say, she ran 2d to *Polly Green* in a two mile race in Columbia, the best time ever made over the course,—she is a grey, 5 years old, 15 hands and an inch high; in better life and promise than heretofore—she is destined to make a figure. Next is *Thesbe*, a chesnut by Bertrand, very speedy, but it is said will "cave in"—her dam is *not* like "Cæsar's wife." Next is *Fifer* (full brother to Hornblower), he is a 3 year old by Monmouth Eclipse, a bright bay 15 hands high, a strong but not a pretty mover,—his owner thinks him a *trump*. Next is a 3 year old chesnut filly *Clarissa*, full sister to Clarion, fifteen hands and a half high,—a fine "slashing filly," and *evidently* a "trump,"—she is at present confined to her room, from a slight cut in a "brush," but like all fashionable ladies will make a favorable impression when she appears again. Last is *Cotton*, a 3 year old by Ormond, engaged in the first days' colt race,—he is a sway backed chesnut, near sixteen hands high, and looks like he was "sorry he ever enlisted,"—in action "he heaves and sets like a ram at a gate post"—"jumps as high as a hungry dog in a smoke-house."

Of Messrs. Duncan's, Henderson's, and M'Dowell's stables, I am sorry I cannot speak "advisedly." But it is well known many of the "cracks" must meet here,—such as Polly Green, Guedron, Big John, Almyra and others, to say nothing of the "Paul Prys" and other militia that usually engage in "Border Warfare."

The "ball opens" with a colts stake, ten entries of a bale of cotton each. The Eclipse and Henry race was inconsiderable in the neighborhood, compared to this. Wheat, potatoes, and lots of homespun, is cast upon the issue.

The names of the colts are *Farmer*, *Founder*, *Frolic*, *Flatter*, *Flitter*, *Flash*, *Kitty Cole*, and *Hoosier*. Flash and Hoosier at the present have the call.

Yours, &c., Paul Pry.

THE TURF IN ALABAMA.

Greensboro', Ala., Sept. 2d, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Yesterday our large stake, to be run this fall over the Henry Course, four mile heats, $2000 entrance, closed with five subscribers; as far as heard from, therefore, it is second to the Louisville Stake in numbers, if not in the reputation of the horses. H. A. Tayloe—R. H. Long—J. J. Burton—Haun & Walker, and Col. Thomas Watson, are the subscribers; therefore we shall expect *Zelina*, the conqueror of Wagner, *Mary Jones*, the victor of Maria Black, and *Poney*, the conqueror of Melzare, *Likeness* or *Cotton Plant*, to come together on that day to test the palm of superiority. We shall have glorious times at Greensboro' during our racing week; our crops promise an abundant harvest, and the wine will flow freely, inspiring many an honest and jovial fellow with bright ideas, and open many an obdurate heart to the all-inspiring sport of the Turf. The feeling of our people had somewhat subsided, but this stake, with others well filled, must induce such a turn-out as was never seen before 'bout these parts. Our sport will approach nearly to yours in or about Gotham. One of your reporters must be there to represent you and duly record what will there be seen, as the distance precludes the possibility of your presence. We duly expect Richard Harrison there with *Pollard Brown*, and others, under the charge of Field, of Lady Clifden fame—Col. Thomas Watson with *The Poney—Beeswing*, and other fleet ones—B. Smith with *Eloise* and some 3 yr. olds of fine pedigree—Richard H. Long with imp. *Likeness*, *Cotton Plant*, *Rasp*, and others—Long & Burton with *Cleopatra*, *Galanthe*, full brother of Beeswing, and more—Haun & Walker with *Mary Jones*, &c.—John Nichols with Tayloe's string in charge—Albert Jackson with *Coal Black Rose* and others—Dr. Withers with a long string of fleet Leviathans under charge of Davidson; and Isaac Van Leer, with *Dosoris*, *Tom Moore*, &c. Ought not such a collection of horses to attract everybody to the Henry Course Fall Races? Never before did so many stables of celebrity meet at any course in Alabama. More stables may come on, but of them the writer knoweth not. *Terrific* is dead I understand. *Zela's* sale has been confirmed. Gander's sale is now contradicted. Shark could do a fine business in this country. Yours truly, H.

P. S.—The August No. of the Turf Register, for W. B., Jr., has not yet come to hand.

Note by Book-keeper.—It was sent to Macon, Ga., instead of Macon, Ala. A duplicate has been sent.

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Spring Hill Course* commenced on Wednesday, the 4th Sept., and continued four days. The following is the official report:—

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4, 1839—Stallion Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at $50 each. Mile heats.

M. Thompson's b. c. by Columbus	1	1
T. M. Kennedy's b. f. by John Richards	2	2
H. W. Farris' b. f.* by Frank	3	dist.
S. Davenport's br. c. by Trumpator	4	bolt.
Wm. Boner's b. c. by Boner's Sir William		dist.

Time, 1:57—2:01. * Lame.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. c. *Charley Fox*, by Waxy, dam by Buckner's Leviathan, 4 yrs	3	1	1
Thos. M. Kennedy's b. f. *Mary Burnham*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	4	3	2
S. Davenport's ch. c. *Ebro*, by Frank, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs	1	2	3
H. W. Farris' b. h. *Campbell*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko, 5 yrs	2	4	4
Wm. Boner's *Sir William*, by William of Transport, dam by Potomac, aged		dist.	
R. Carter's b. c. *Kangaroo*, by Columbus, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs		dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:55—2:00.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5—Jockey Club Purse $300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

W. T. Ward's *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs	1	1
S. Davenport's *Maffit*, by Frank, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 6:20—6:29.

FRIDAY, Sept. 6—Jockey Club Purse $200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

J. G. Boswell's b. f. *Luda*, by Medoc, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	1	1
S. Davenport's b. f. *Laura*,* by Medoc, dam by Moses, 3 yrs	2	2
Thos. M. Kennedy's b. h. *Ben Duncan*, by Cherokee, dam by Sir Harry, aged	4	3
W. T. Ward's br. m. *Wazetta*, by Waxy, dam by Diomede, 5 yrs	3	4

Time, 3:52—3:59. * Complaining in one leg.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as on Wednesday; Sub. $25 each, with a Sett of Silver Cups, worth $60, added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.

Thos. M. Kennedy's b. f. *Mary Burnham*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	1	1
S. Davenport's br. h. *Boyle*, by Frank	1	3	2
H. W. Farris' b. h. *Campbell*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2	3
J. W. Kennedy's ch. h. *Delaney*, by Saladin		dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:54—1:59.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. $200 each, with the gate money added. Two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. c. *Charley Fox*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1
J. M. Estell's *Jim Allen*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Hamlintonian, aged	2	2

Time, 3:58—4:05. H. W. Farris.

WHEELING (Va.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Wheeling Course* commenced on Tuesday, the 3d inst. There were not quite so many persons in attendance as at the Spring meeting. On the first day the racing was fine, the track in excellent order, and the utmost decorum and order prevailed.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs., sub. $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

D. Stockton's gr. f. by Lance, dam by Buzzard	1	1
T. Moore's b. c. by O'Connell, out of M'Ramsay by Stockholder	2	2
J. E. Norvell's b. c. by Consul, dam by Bagdad	3	dist.

Time, 2:00—2.03.

The O'Connell colt before the start was the favorite against the field. For the first heat all started from the stand at once. The Lance filly fell behind for a quarter, leaving the O'Connell and Tonson side by side, but as soon as the Tonson gave signs of falling behind, she dashed up, and after a very short contest took the lead, and maintained it without difficulty through the heat.

In the second heat there was no contest—the filly took the lead from the jump, and kept it under a very tight rein throughout—coming out some thirty yards ahead of the O'Connell colt and distancing the Tonson.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs., sub. $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

S. Hanson's ch. c. by Count Piper, dam by Monroe	1	1
G. Jones' br. c. by Paul Clifford, dam by Peacemaker	2	dist.
A. Cable's b. f. by Veto, dam by John Richards		dist.

Time, 1:58 1:58.

The knowing ones were again deceived. The brown colt was the favorite at considerable odds before the race.

For the first quarter all ran together, when the Veto filly fell back, and the Piper colt took the lead for half a mile; he was closely followed by the brown colt, but in coming up the quarter, the filly was compelled to give up, and the sorrel ran out at ease.

The second heat was not contested—the sorrel took the lead at the start, and distanced the brown colt in spite of all the exertions of her rider to prevent it.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4—Proprietors' Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.,—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

David Victor's br. m. *Mary Mason*, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 5 yrs	1	1
Stockton & Norton's ch c. *James Sprigg*, by Lance, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	2	2
J. E. Norvell's ch c. *Wonder*, by Count Piper, dam by Dragon, 4 yrs		dist.

Time, 6:03—6:15.

The track was heavy and stiff from the rains, and considerably impeded the horses. Mary Mason took the lead at the start, but was passed by Sprigg in the third quarter. She followed very much at ease, until she entered the quarter stretch the last round, when she made dashing play and took the lead and the heat by a brush.

The second heat was contested at no time. The mare's superiority was evident, and the colt seemed perfectly content to be second best.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5—Corinthian Stake for untried horses, weight 160lbs. each; Gentlemen Riders, dressed in Jockey Club style. Seven subs. at $25 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Wm Tredenick's gr. h	1	1
Z. Mitchell's b. g	3	2
B. Good's b. g	2	dist.
A. Cabel's ch. m		dist.

Time, 2:05—1:59.

There were seven entries to this race, but four only came to the stand. The day was beautiful, the track in fine order, and the course unusually well attended. The gray and sorrel dashed ahead from the stand, and ran under a blanket for half a mile, when the sorrel began to give back, and the two bays closed up in dashing style. In the quarter they came both together alongside the gray, and for a few jumps Good was ahead—but at the rise by the distance stand the immense strength of the gray was brought to bear, and he again took the lead. The heat, however, was gallantly contested until the drop of the flag. It was taken by the grey from Good by half a length—Time 2:05.

All came to the stand for the second heat, apparently in good trim. Mitchell's bay gelding took the lead from the start, all following at their top speed. Good soon shewed that the work of the first heat had been too much for him, and fell back. In the last half the gray began to close his gap, and the two horses entered the quarter neck and neck. At the hill the gray's strength again served him, and he dashed freely ahead. The heat was taken by about four lengths.

This heat was run under whip and spur from the jump, and made in 1:59.

The time needs no trumpeting, it speaks abundantly well for itself.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7—Purse $150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

D. Victor's *Polly Piper*, by Count Piper, dam by Consul, 4 yrs	3	2	1	1	1
T. Moore's *Fanny Lightfoot*, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	2	3	3	2	2
Stockton & Norton's *Martha Viley*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs	1	1	2	3	3
W. N. Tredenick's *Corinthian*, by Consul, dam by Duroc, aged	4	4	dr		
Z. Mitchell's ——	5	dist.			

Time, 2:00—2:01—2:02—2:04—2:06.

The track was heavy, owing to the rains which had fallen yesterday.

In the first heat Mary Viley started ahead, closely followed by Polly Piper—but Fanny passed forward in the first half mile, and Polly fell back to save her distance. The heat was taken by three lengths under a pull.

Second heat. Polly Piper lost some twenty yards in the start. Fanny led off, followed by Corinthian. Martha Viley soon whipped up, and on entering the quarter, closed with Fanny, who was passed soon after by Polly Piper. In coming up the quarter, Polly made a brush for the heat, but soon gave it up. It was again taken under a pull by Martha Viley, by about two lengths.

Third heat. Martha Viley took the lead, but was closely followed by Polly. So they ran until they entered the quarter, when Polly closed and after a short brush passed ahead, and came out about four lengths ahead.

Fourth heat. Polly started ahead—Martha Viley followed close—in the last half mile, however, Martha was forced to give up, and Fanny dashed forward to contest the heat—Polly secured it by about two lengths only.

For the last heat Polly started behind, and remained so for half a mile when she began to close up, and very soon passed Martha Viley. In the quarter she closed on Fanny and passed without a contest—she came out considerably ahead, running at ease.

TUESDAY, Sept. 10—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Mr. Stockton's *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany	1	1
Mr. Victor's *Pandora*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 5 yrs	2	2
Mr. Zeiley's *Orphan Boy*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Dinwiddie, aged		dist.

Time, 8:26—8:35.

This race was to have come off on Friday last, but was postponed to Monday on account of the heaviness of the track. On that day the track was probably worse than ever the track was before, and it was again postponed one day.

The track to-day was in some places tolerably good, but the water was still lying on it in others, and in many parts it was heavy and stiff.

Crowder was not pushed for either heat—he took the start easily for both, and maintained it under a strong pull, winning both heats perfectly at ease.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $—, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Stockton & Norton's gr. f. *Catharine Fenwick*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs	1	1
D. Victor's ch. h. *Glassblower*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs	2	2
J. A. Good's gr. f. by Medoc, dam by St. Tammany, 3 yrs	3	3

Time, 2:00—1:57.

In this race again, both heats were taken with ease. The Medoc filly started ahead in the first, but the lead was easily taken by Catharine Fenwick, and as easily kept.

The second was not contested; the start was taken by Catharine Fenwick, and maintained under a strong pull throughout. Wheeling Gazette.

CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH ON MANNERS,

FASHIONS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

DRESS AND ADDRESS.

When the regiment in which we began our military career was stationed in Guiana, it was not unusual for parties of officers to make excursions into the interior of the country, by ascending some of the magnificent rivers which traverse that much-neglected and extraordinary land: for extraordinary it certainly is to the European eye. Fancy one vast alluvial plain, extending from the very roots of the Andes to the shores of the Atlantic, intersected by countless rivers, having more the appearance of slumbering lakes of endless length, than of rushing streams; and the soil covered with a richness, grandeur, and luxuriance of vegetation, that make the wanderer of the temperate zone fancy himself intruding into regions destined for beings of a loftier class than his own. Nature sports with her creative strength in those lands of the sun. Along the borders of the forest-clad rivers, trees of gigantic size are pressed, tree above tree, far into the bosom of the stream; creeping plants, of strength tremendous, link them together, as if to arrest their further intrusion upon the waters; while the thick underwood, filling up the intervals between the trunks, often forms the whole into one dark, solid, and impenetrable mass of vegetation, extending for miles together.

But then how still, tranquil, and solemn is the scene, where an opening admits you into the recesses of the forest! Trees of a mightier world raising their thickly fringed boughs high in air through close, clear, azure, and transparent skies, surround you on every side; the creeping plants festoon them together at a wondrous elevation, and seem to form the very vaults of nature's temple. The stillness of ages that rests upon the wilderness is awful and oppressive; the voice of man hardly disturbs it, and even the reports of his death-dealing engines will not reverberate upon the air, but sink echoless, within the narrowest possible bound. I have stood beneath the gorgeous dome of St. Peter's, and in the mouldering temples of Pæstum; I have seen in their splendor the noblest edifices raised by Christian piety, as well as those which the ivied hand of time has adorned, and rendered more heart-striking in decay than they had been in the brightest days of pagan glory: but whatever emotions they may call forth—and few can behold them without being deeply moved—the impressions they occasion will be feeble, indeed, compared with those inspired by the tranquil sublimity of a tropical forest. The power and grandeur of nature is there impressed upon you by every object you behold: even the huge-leafed herbage of the scene is awful; it is not trampled scornfully under foot, but seems to debar your advance as an intrusion, to vie with you in height, and makes you see, as well as feel, the utter littleness of man. There is an humbling of the heart experienced in these silent solitudes, a consciousness of the vanity of all earthly pursuits, and a greater tendency to sink down in mute admiration of the mighty Creator of so beautiful a world, than in any other situation in which it is possible to be placed.

But though silent, the region is full of life. When the tropical moon fails to pour its flood of light on the landscape, swarms of fireflies sparkle brightly through the darkness of night: by day, millions of brilliantly plumaged birds fill the air: they are tuneless indeed, but not voiceless, for thousands of chattering parrots and paroquets hail the rising sun and early morn from every grove and bush. The rivers swarm with living things, of all imaginable forms and sizes; from huge but harmless snakes, and monsters of unsightly shapes, down to the nimblest fish that swims, whose golden scales shine through the leaf-tinted water in which he sports along. The plain, the reeds, the grass, the bushes, the very soil is rife with life, and filled with creeping, crawling, and with bounding things, that must be displaced at every step, and cannot always be displaced without danger; for the treacherous snake* hides his glittering scales beneath the many-tinted flower of the wilderness, and the wily leopard crouches under the huge leaves of its gigantic herbage.

Some will ask what the woods of Guiana can have to do with "Dress and Address," but you know, that to the eyes of a philosopher nature is the same, whether in the forests of Demarara, or in the drawing-rooms of Grosvenor-square; and that the wise of the world—and your contributors are necessarily the wisest of the wise—can discover coxcombry in a savage as easily as in a dandy, and illustrate the doings of a duchess even by the sayings of a squaw. During one of the excursions mentioned, a party of us were lingering in an Indian hut, the inhabitants of which were all men, women, and children, huddled together, half sitting, half lounging, in the large grass hammocks of the country, staring at us with the stupid phlegmatic stare for which the dull, but harmless Arowaque, is distinguished. Little was said on either side; and even the smile which the young girls could not altogether suppress, left the muscles of the face unmoved, and never extended beyond the eye; as to the men, I never, I think, saw an Indian smile. You thus see that even in the woods womon are, as I have often told you, superior to us lords of the creation: it was a light-hearted, buoyant disposition, a natural hilarity of feeling, that made the little brunettes smile; it was dulness, mixed up perhaps with some foolish notion of dignity, that kept the men immoveably grave. While thus engaged in nothing, one of the Indians, who was evidently a leading man among them, began to criticise my dress, and to point it out to his countrymen, who clearly agreed with him that it was a very stupid and useless attire. At last, examining my hat and taking hold of my jacket, he asked, through the medium of our interpreter, why I encumbered myself with all those things, and did not follow his example and grease myself over with red paint, like an Indian, and fill my hair with the blue dirt, which makes an Arowaque's head look exactly like a huge mop made of blue rags? I told him it was because our king had no taste in such matters, otherwise he would make his soldiers follow the Indian fashion, which was clearly the best. This satisfied all parties, and there the matter rested.

Some months afterwards, this same "stoic of the woods" called upon me at the fort, offering, as usual, Indian curiosities for sale. I was willing to purchase; but it is not easy to bargain with these people, for they have no idea of relative value, and will as soon ask you for your best fifty guinea double-barrelled Manton as for a bottle of rum, or a flask of gunpowder. On this occasion, however, the Indian took a fancy for the strangest decoration that was ever placed on the head of mortal man, and one that would have done honor to Grimaldi himself. At the period of which I am speaking, cocked hats were still the regulation for the infantry officer; but in the West Indies they were always consigned to the moths and the cockroaches, and rational round hats, with feathers, substituted in their stead. My best Bicknell had been punched into wadding for my gun—(I no longer approve of felt-wadding, however; it is too hard)—but, from whim or accident, it was allowed to retain its cockade, shape, and gold tassels; being, in fact, as airy and transparent a hat as if it had been made even of a fisherman's net. It attracted the Indian's notice, and he asked what it was. I put it on his head, and told him that it was the very sort of hat King George himself wore in England. This was enough for the "stoic;" he insisted on having it as part of his bargain, and was no sooner in possession of the treasure than he sallied forth with it on his head, delighted himself, and envied and admired by the whole party of his countrymen.

Now, please to admire this philosopher of the wilderness. He affected the greatest contempt for dress and ornament; but no sooner found the means of gratifying his fancy for show and display within reach, than he seized upon them with the utmost avidity. And so it is with a great portion of my "pensive public," who affect a stoical indifference to dress and outward appearance,—and sometimes study hard, nevertheless, to set themselves off to the best advantage,—whether by primness, plainness, slovenliness, or rags; for I have seen even rags and filthiness affected, though only by men of known fortune, who, being fools by nature, wished to be thought clever and profound by rags. The fact is, that people all wish to look well, and strive (and very properly so) to make themselves look well. The misfortune is, that few have any real taste or genius for dress, and become, therefore, the mere slaves of fashion, and follow its dictates in utter forgetfulness that the reigning fashion may not become them, may make them look frightful, and that more fashions have really been invented for concealing the deformities of leading individuals in the world of fashion, than for the purpose of setting off personal advantages. In this respect we are, perhaps, mending a little, as fashion is now an oligarchy rather than an absolute autocracy. At one time, princes and kings sat not only on the thrones of realms, but on the throne of fashion also. George IV., when Prince of Wales, was the leader of

* The large water-snakes of Guiana, and, I believe, the small ones also, are considered perfectly harmless. But, besides rattle-snakes, there are several kinds of land snakes, which are very venomous.

half the tasteless fashion of his time; but being totally destitute of taste, not having one gentlemanlike feeling or sentiment about him, he not only outlived his fashions, but lived to become unfashionable himself; and though aspiring, as his greatest glory, to be thought the first gentleman of the age, is now rightly considered to have been no gentleman at all. But though fashion is no longer ruled over by an autocrat,—unless when some one starts up like Brummel, and usurps the throne by mere force of genius,—it is not more liberal and enlightened on that account; for the government is irresponsible, and, as all wish to be thought members of the executive, there is no real opposition: so that, owing to the mere necessity of submitting to the oligarchical despotism, men and women are content to disfigure and make frights of themselves, in more ways than I can stop to describe.

A pretty young girl, with a slender and youthful figure, will, of course, be pretty in almost any costume; but taken in the mass, the fair sex never appeared to so much disadvantage as in the old-fashioned grandmamma dress which they attempted to revive a few years ago. I intended to have shewn it up at the time, and had written a paper for your magazine on the very subject; but some young ladies, who had just got new dresses for a ball, bought up the article, at a price for which I should be glad to write all my life.

Of the influence of fashion on manners generally, I have often spoken before; at present, I have only to do with Dress and Address, as they ought to go together: that they form a theme more difficult than any which can be discovered in the Kantean philosophy, I need not tell you. There are at present so many middling tailors about town, that most men of any figure may obtain the appearance of being what is called "well dressed;" but, then, there is a prodigious difference between the really and apparently well dressed man; and though it may not be easy to make the difference intelligible by description, any judge will detect it at first sight.

The really well dressed man may not be dressed in the extreme of fashion, but his clothes will sit easily upon him; there will be nothing stiff, tight, or *géné* in their make, and they will be sure to harmonise, in cut as well as in color, with the figure, size, and complexion of the wearer. There will be an absence of show and glitter, which never can be made to suit the natural simplicity of modern costume: all attempts at finery with the present dress evince bad taste; and whenever you see a coat attract more notice than the owner, you may safely declare the whole turn-out to be a complete failure. The well-dressed man will have neither chains, rings, brooches, nor gold spangles about him; he will wear neither open-worked stockings, white satin-cravats, new-fashioned frills, nor embroidered shirt-fronts—no one will call attention to his dress; but in speaking of him it will often be remarked, "That is always a well-dressed man." Some friends of mine have, I know, fine diamond brooches; and in a black satin stock I have no objection to see a fine brilliant worn, but not a fragment beyond a single stone; and even that can be tolerated only in a black satin stock, which is itself only tolerated for want of something better. I confess that, for my own part, I like to see a full quantity of white—brilliantly white—shirt displayed at the breast; but am not well satisfied with any of the modes in which it has hitherto been shewn. As to the black satin stock, it is a stiff-looking affair; and stiffness and awkwardness are necessarily synonymous. I should therefore be glad to see it altered, and think that there must be some soft, fleecy, gauzy kind of black silk, corresponding in texture to the old white India muslin cravats which George IV. patronised, and which fell, as the first victims of Brummel's revenge, when the prince offended the dandy.

The present tendency to tightness in dress is greatly objectionable, evincing a total want of taste, not to say of decency. No one who has ever been in the East, and had occasion to admire the graceful and flowing drapery of the Orientals, as it was at least before the late innovations of Sultan Mahmoud, would ever expose himself to be called "a wearer of tight breeches;" a regular and deserved term of reproach all over the boundless East. Look at the costumes of the last half century, and see the graceless, angular, and indecent figures cut by the "bucks" of the latter years of George III., to which we are hastening back. Tailors find it easier to make tight trousers than wide flowing ones,—a snip let out the secret in taking my measure,—and they have more influence over fashion than is generally supposed; they therefore mould it to the form that suits them best, both as to profit and convenience, and the less cloth they give you the more they make by you. Besides, if you are in your tailor's debt, he is sure to give you short measure, knowing that you dare not remonstrate: if therefore you wish to be well dressed, take care to keep your tailor under command; that is, never let your bill outgrow your means of instantly discharging the rebel if he presumes to have a will or taste of his own. To be ill-dressed is not only discreditable to an individual, but, if bad taste becomes general, it casts a reflection on the age and nation to which the tasteless belong.

Go into any family portrait gallery and look at the frizzled, powdered heads; the tight silk inexpressibles, of every color, from black and blue to pea-green and pink; the long-lapelled, embroidered waistcoats, and spangled and single-breasted coats to match,—and then compare the finical beings who thus made God's image ridiculous, with the men of the Vandyke age, and tell us what you think of the respective generations. Indeed, I have always considered the period which intervened between the last of the Christian beards,—they went out about the end of the great civil and religious wars of the seventeenth century,—down to the fall of the pigtails, that died some twenty or thirty years ago, to have been a poor and shallow one, and well represented by the costumes its heroes seem to have worn. It was a period of clever little men, but not of great men; for you hardly ever see a first-rate countenance look out from beneath the full bottomed wig of Queen Anne's time, any more than from under the powdered *toupée* of George III.'s reign. On the other hand, what splendid faces are found rising above the beards of the olden time! Can any thing exceed the mild, beautiful, and high intelligent countenance of Shakspeare, as delineated in the picture of Houbracken? And then, what a simple and elegant costume! Look at Vandyke's portrait of Wallenstein, and the greatest genius of his time and country, the man of unfathomable mind, the protector and the dread of kings, stands at once confessed to view. Turn to his great adversary, Gustavus Adolphus, painted by the same mighty master, and the chivalrous soldier, the Christian hero, honored and admired even of his foes, is instantly recognized. The elegant attire in which our own unhappy Charles I. is painted, gives even a tinge of greatness to his handsome, pensive, but melancholy face and foredoomed look.

Now an age should really be able to shew faces of the kind, and properly set off by a respectable dress; but this is so far from being the case at present, that Sir Thomas Lawrence always tried to cloak his heroes, and keep them as much out of sight as possible.

Some persons like to be painted in military uniforms;—strapped, sashed, buckled, belted, into the tight ungainly regulation-coats, though these are the most unhappy and disfiguring dresses that can possibly be assumed,—for they are all glare, stare, stiffness, and angularity;—the stiff, dog-collar-encased-neck, would alone spoil an Adonis. As to the broad-topped schako, with its round apple-dumpling tuft, it is as heavy to wear as to look at; and has, besides, the double advantage of leaving the head as completely exposed to sun, wind, and rain, as to the sabres of the enemy. This theory of uniforms is rather new, you will say; but it is true, nevertheless: a modern uniform will perhaps set off an insignificant-looking man, and bring him up to the level of his betters; but a really good-looking man always looks best in plain clothes. Women often desire to see you in uniform; I advise them, however, always to have a look at the dear man in plain clothes before they decide: "a word," not to the wise, "but from the wise." If uniforms do not, however, set off individuals, a sprinkling of red-coats sets off a ball-room to advantage, owing to the dark, dark, and ever dark hues of modern costume. It was to break this black spell which has come over society, that I formerly proposed that silk trousers, of whatever color or pattern you please, should be worn as full dress in summer, having silk shawl waistcoats to match. I shall make my appearance in the proper attire in due time. As to the present dress-coat, it is not good, but must serve till something better can be invented; for ordinary morning work, the single-breasted surtout is very well. But no schneider, except my own, has succeeded in making a proper riding-coat. I was greatly afflicted in seeing so many failures last summer, notwithstanding the particular directions I had given on the subject, and which must here be repeated. A riding-coat is single-breasted of course, has rather a large and full collar, and must be cut straight down from the throat,—mark, straight down to the last button but one of the waistcoat; it is then cut abruptly away over the hips, like a uniform coat, being only broader at the skirts. If you have anything of a figure, this is the dress, and should be worn with wide well-strapped-down and broad-flapped trousers. When made of cloth, trousers must always be of a very dark color; no light-colored trousers can possibly pass examination.

In summer, you may give the reins to fancy in this respect, though slightly, of course; taking care never to wear checked trousers—detestable things, in which no man of taste should be seen without losing caste. The proper shape of a hat is a very difficult affair, and must depend on the face and figure of the wearer; but as all the world will follow the same fashion, some must, of course, consent to be made abundantly ridiculous. The present fashion commands, that a hat shall be broad at the top and wide at the brim; and, for a guinea and a half, Williams, of New Bond street, will turn out as neat an article of the kind as need be; but how will our friend Dumpkins, who only stands four feet nine inches in his high-heeled hussar boots, and whose head is large enough for a man of six feet three, look in such an unwieldy topper? And yet our unhappy friend is forced to wear one. For the general mass, the most becoming hats were those formerly known under the name of Petershams. The present hat should be called the Anglesea, for the Marquis was the first who sported them; and as he has rather a small head and a good person, they suit him very well. But phrenology has put small heads out of fashion; and since we have been told that little heads indicate little brains and less knowledge, we must leave off wearing hats that can only look well upon blockheads. I recollect an eccentric nobleman, who always made it a rule to come late to dinner parties, in order that, in passing through the hall, he might try on the hats of the different guests present, and thus ascertain what intellectual rank he would hold in the company. When this theory of the large heads was discussed in Paris, a few years ago, a philosophic hatter nearly got his own head broken for allowing his phrenological zeal so far to get the better of his patriotism, as to declare that English heads were generally larger than French heads: he had supplied some English regiments with new caps during the time of the occupation, and spoke from good measurement:—all France was indignant. The Bonapartists, also, were greatly taken aback by this new doctrine; for it proved on inspection that the cast of Napoleon's head, taken after his death at St. Helena, represented a very ordinary head indeed, bearing but feeble resemblance to the grand and magnificent head that painters, statuaries, and engravers had usually bestowed upon him.

To return to hats, however. I expect that the "Sabertash" hat will eclipse both the "Petersham" and the "Anglesea;" the following is its shape. The brim is broad—broader, indeed, than usual—but depending, of course, on the height of the wearer; it is greatly bent down before and behind, but has little turn-up on the sides. The crown is not exactly low—for low crowns on tall men look ridiculous—but low enough not to appear high and heavy; instead of widening at the top, it narrows, not for the purpose of assuming a distinctly conical shape, but merely to have a light and airy look. Try this hat with the coat before described—the "Sabertash Costume," in fact; and if you are not then "the thing," give up the subject of dress altogether: for you may depend upon it, that your case is hopeless. And now, as to boots.

I never could comprehend how, in an age that pretends so much to enlightened philanthropy, the race of modern boot-makers should so long have escaped extermination; for assuredly, no race, or class of men, ever inflicted so much suffering on mankind as the sons of Crispin have done. Breathes there the man, who has never suffered from the pain of a corn, or the pressure of a boot? And yet, where is the remedy? Ask the ablest surgeon in London to relieve you from the pain of a corn, and he will tell you that he would soon be the richest man in England if he could effect such a cure. And yet the torturers are allowed to exist, and to persevere in their practice, though we pretend to have abolished torture altogether. Talk of the tortures inflicted by the Inquisition, indeed! why, the Inquisition only martyred a few individuals from time to time, to keep their hands in, whereas shoemakers torture the whole race of shoe-wearing men.

And what is the object the miscreants have in view by such conduct? Not to inflict torture, certainly, for they could gain nothing by it; besides which, some of the artists are christians at heart. No, their sole object is to turn out a "neat article," a something that shall look well in a shop window, and captivate the fancy of some unwary passenger. As to the form and figure of a foot, they care absolutely nothing about it; and if a law, inflicting capital punishment on the offenders, cannot be obtained—the dandies in the House of Commons being mostly under the lash of their tradesmen's long bills—the tread-mill, at least, should punish every one whose customer could produce a corn; the jury in all cases to be composed of sufferers. The foot never looks so ill as when cramped into a boot or shoe that is too small; and yet the great fault of all bootmakers is, that they make boots too short, and too tight across the toes, and where the foot expands in walking. They never allow half enough for the stretching of a foot in length, and make no allowance for its stretching in breadth; still less to its form and figure, as they give to all boots and shoes exactly the same shape and proportions. Nor can you judge of the matter yourself, when you try on the boot; for your foot is then at rest, and does not expand, and you fancy that the article fits you like a glove, and only find your error after your first half hour's walk, and when it can no longer be remedied; for Crispin tells you that he cannot take back a boot that has been worn, and which he assures you will, after a few days, fit like a silk stocking: that is after you have suffered torture for days and weeks, metamorphosed your feet into stretchers for ill-made boots, and laid the foundation for corns that will be sure to plague you for years. And yet such criminals are allowed to escape the tread-mill! I am told that quantities of boots are now imported from France, many thousand pairs annually, and that most travelling dandies lay in a stock on leaving Paris. It may be so, but I never saw a well-made boot in France; and though French boots certainly cost less money than English ones, they are far from being cheaper in the end. No, no; gloves and silk stocks are the only articles of gentlemanlike apparel that can be obtained in France.

And now, having discoursed about Dress, let us say a word of Address,—a topic of equal importance, and certainly of equal difficulty. Half the world, I suspect, judge of the other half by their first appearance and address; and, to tell you the truth, I am not certain that it is a bad way of judging. I would strongly recommend all young ladies who are wavering between "Yes" and "No," to recollect what they thought of the "dear fellow" the first time they saw him, before assiduity had produced any effect: let them ask themselves the question fairly, practice no self-deception upon their own hearts, and trifle with their future happiness, and they will be sure to obtain some just information. For the impression, however slight, made by a stranger on a totally unbiassed mind, will generally be a just one, and shews how important it is to have a good address. Like dress, address must in a great measure depend upon the look, figure, and character of the individual. A man of tall, stately figure, and reflective mien, would seem foolish were he to present himself with the rolling air, smirking, knowing, half-leering look, that might become a short, fat, rubicund *bon vivant* and merry companion; even as the latter would be laughed at were he to assume the measured step and dignified deportment of the former. The light, on-point-of-toe-advancing step, the simpering smiling bow cast round the circle, with the half-dandy, half-dancing-master air, may suit foreigners, and it is in their way; but never can become an Englishman. Whether good or bad, there is too much character about us for such display; and though I have lately seen some travelled young men of rank attempt to take up the fashion, it has always proved a failure, because there was something of a want of dignity about it. Address is, therefore, a matter of tact, as dress is of taste, and cannot be taught by exact rules; we can only lay down general principles, and even their just application requires a degree of self-knowledge which we do not meet with every day.

I never, for my own part, enter a room in which a pleasant party is assembled, that I do not feel greatly disposed to bound right up to the lady of the house, to jump over chairs and tables, or any obstacle that may impede my progress, to give her a grand grenadier shake of the hand, and thank her for asking me to so charming a party; my next wish,—giving bores, vulgarians, and affected people the cut direct in good Royal Grenadier style,—is to turn round to the prettiest girl in the room, and say as many fine things as I can possibly think of. But modern *ton* does not well admit this kind of deportment: we are bound to suppress all extreme emotions; for to display extreme pleasure and delight in the conversation of one person, or set of persons, renders the mere politeness with which we might treat others, complete rudeness by the contrast, and must, therefore, be carefully avoided; because, as I told you in my last, there never can be any merit in rudeness, whatever some persons may think of it, for any boor can be just as rude as the most perfect exclusive in the land.

But as it is not enough to abstain from rudeness, direct or indirect, and as you cannot do the ultra-agreeable to all, because you would be laughed at by all, and voted a bore by the many; the question is how to regulate your deportment so as to be agreeable—at least, respected by all, and disagreeable to none, except to those who may secretly envy your success with some pretty girl, or general reputation in society? This *juste milieu* line of conduct may not, perhaps, be an easy one to the multitude: but I do think it is attainable, nevertheless; and if you are totally unaffected, and strive, without overdoing the thing, to please and be pleased, the chances are that you will succeed—as far, at least, as success is within your reach. Never attempt to copy the manners of another; such second-hand imitations always look foolish. Avoid affectation, as certain ruin—it is the bane of the rising generation: for, whether you affect the man of consequence—the exquisite, exclusive, or superlative—you will be sure to appear superlatively ridiculous the moment you come within the observation of any one possessing the least knowledge of the world. As to the affectation of singularity, it is only the first step towards acting the buffoon. Try, therefore, to be polite, good-humored, and unassuming; and if you cannot make this simple effort, you have certainly no business in society.

As to mere manner, I should say that a certain kind of stoicism is necessary to a good and elegant address. The perfectly well-bred man suppresses all display of violent emotion, whether of pleasure or of pain, and preserves a calm, mild, tranquil, and dignified deportment, as free from stiffness as from *hauteur*: for *hauteur* and vulgar familiarity stand exactly on the same level. The man of whom we are speaking shews, without effort, his wish to please and be pleased; keeps frivolity aloof by stately and reserved politeness, while his general manner proves that, incapable of rudeness himself, he submits to none from others. With tact, good sense, and good feeling, all this is not only easy—it is perfectly natural: but the moment you allow envy or uncharitableness to get the better of you, it is not even to be acted. In the mass, women have far more elegance and agreeableness of address than men; simply, I suppose, because they have less affectation, and more cleverness and good feeling: you often see women who are less graceful or pleasing in their manners than others, but you seldom see them absolutely ungraceful, even when a little awkward for want of practice in society; and it is rarely, indeed, that you find them absolutely rude and boorish.

This matter of Address reminds me of an anecdote I lately read in Mrs. Broughton's "Six Years' Residence at Algiers," a very charming and delightful book, which I recommend everybody to peruse without delay. In my last, you may recollect that I pointed out the want of *tact* displayed by great wits and great reviewers. Let me now shew you how a Turk can make a good speech, at proper time and place.

It is not unusual, in the East, for men of high rank to keep young lions about them, as we keep terriers and Newfoundland dogs about our houses and apartments. When Col. Blankely, Mrs. Broughton's father, was consul at Algiers, the dey happened to have a pet lion, nearly full grown, who had taken an unaccountable dislike to the colonel's red coat, which he never failed to salute with a growl and a threatening display of very fine white teeth. On entering the presence chamber one day, the colonel found his highness reclining on a sofa, with his foot resting on the neck of this interesting favorite. The lion no sooner saw the hated red coat than he sprung up, and, with a dreadful roar, rushed out of the apartment, overthrowing the dey by this unexpected spring, and making him roll, head over heels, from his seat of honor. The attendants stood aghast, expecting that a hundred heads at least would have to pay for the lion's indiscretion; and the colonel naturally felt uncomfortable at having caused so much confusion. The old Turk, however, restored good humor in an instant. "You see," said he, quietly resuming his seat, "that the very lions fly before the British uniform." But read Mrs. Broughton's book—it is a very charming one, of which I shall say more another time: at present, I can only add that the fates and fortunes of some of the poor Christian captives are extremely interesting, and related in a very affecting manner. To shew my critical skill, however, before *une dame aussi spirituelle que Madame Broughton*, I must observe that a lady, who writes English as well as she does, should not resort so constantly to French phrases. Besides which, I may also remark that her dedication is much too long. Dedications should, like all compliments and pretty speeches, be short and sweet. *Mais, retournons à nos moutons*, as Mrs. Broughton would say.

This want of address on the part of gentlemen renders the art of giving parties extremely difficult, and prevents strangers amalgamating properly together, even during a dinner or evening party. Except in the houses of the nobility, or of persons of high rank, where affectation is not so easily practised, you rarely see parties succeed well, unless when they are small, and composed of persons already acquainted. At all other times, a stiffness and reserve will be found to hang over the very best society, and to crush every thing like good humor, cheerfulness, and sociability. Without a formal introduction, which cannot take place in a large circle, strangers are afraid to speak to each other. Some fear to be too condescending towards persons who may not deserve such exalted honor; while others dread to be thought intrusive, and repulsed as forward vulgarians. Now, this is downright folly; for all persons, of high or low degree, should recollect, that, on entering a gentleman's house, they are bound to consider his guests as their equals. If they fear the slightest contamination, they ought to stay away; but if they accept the invitation, and possess three grains of judgment, they must do their best to please and be pleased. To carry your *hauteur* or affected *insouciance* into company is the very height of ill-breeding, and a direct insult offered to the host or hostess—an insult, too, resulting from gross ignorance, and from the silly belief that you are doing the thing in most exquisite style. My fashionable public, or all party-going persons, must therefore learn to consider themselves as acquaintances for the time, whenever they meet in private society. That it is not easy, at once, to start pleasant subjects of conversation with those whom you never met before,—of whose *ton*, pursuit, turn of mind, and modes of thinking, and manner of expression, you are totally ignorant, may be well understood; but you must either stay at home, or make the attempt nevertheless. If people stare at you, and respond "yes" and "no" in a manner which shews that they think you an impertinent and ill-bred fellow, submit with the easy politeness that shall convince them of their error, and perhaps make them blush for their folly. Some will say that every body knows this: if so, the greater shame is that so few practise it. I have seen both ladies and gentlemen, who had been absolutely captivating at the house of a nobleman, behave with downright rudeness,—and on the same evening too,—at the house of a commoner. This reminds me of the custom of going to several parties on the same evening. It is decidedly ill-breeding, and generally downright affectation. Accept one party, and no more, and stay as long as politeness requires. By this hurrying away from one house to another, a lady is never sure of her guests. All her invitations may have been accepted, and, by the constant coming and going, she may never, perhaps, have half a corner of her smallest drawing-room properly filled.

I understand that the fashionable world are very impatient about the appearance of my long-promised work on female education; but this only shows their folly, for such a book is not to be written off-hand like a fashionable novel. I am obliged to travel far and wide in search of information and illustrations; have to frequent ball-rooms, drawing-rooms, and watering-places, to follow a new theory up the Rhine and through the whole of a continental tour; and am often forced to test the accuracy of my own observations by engaging in flirtations, which, though intended to be only of a passing and experimental nature, lead me frequently out of my own depth, and into more difficulties than I can just now stop to describe. The late affair of the ladies of the bedchamber—of which more presently—would alone have rendered a new edition of the work indispensable. The public must, therefore, have patience, certain that when the book does come, its ordinances will be as perfect and lasting as those of the Medes and Persians. There is one point, however, on which circumstances oblige me to say a word

I must impress upon the minds of all mothers, aunts, and lady-guardians, to pay more attention than they generally do to the society in which young ladies mix on their first coming into company. Now do not mistake me, and suppose that I intend to twaddle about the impropriety of allowing young ladies to associate with servants, grooms, butlers, coachmen, and other heroes of the shoulder-knot, or about the danger of permitting them to form intimacies with regular Lotharios,—lady-killers, not by name, but by deed;—all such lectures would be mere common-places, and those are not exactly my way. No, I mean that they should take care and not allow young ladies to form intimacies with the first-come friends, the ordinary associates of the family, however good and respectable they may be,—unless when they are in *ton*, manner, and feeling, something above the ordinary standard: polite acquaintanceship there must be, but suffer no intimacy. As the mind becomes more perfectly formed, as just and well-instilled ideas become more firmly fixed, the reins may be gradually relaxed; but at first they may be held with a firm, though, of course, as gentle a hand as possible. I have sometimes seen young ladies who sought a kind of distinction, by boldly and roughly resisting parental rule; it is at all times a bad sign, and certain proof of great silliness, to say the least, whereas willing and graceful submission is invariably a good sign. This, however, only *en passant*.

My reason for recommending mothers to be careful about the intimacies formed by young ladies is this:—Well-educated and well-brought-up girls of sixteen or eighteen, generally possess a great deal of fine feeling, noble pride, and generosity of heart. At that early age, and before it has been coarsely breathed upon by the mean and rascally world, the female mind is indeed a brilliant gem of purest water; but it has only the brilliancy, and not the hardness of the diamond, for it is soft and yielding, and too easily receives the impressions made upon it by coarser materials. The world would hardly believe the many instances I have known of ladies being brought down, in the course of a few seasons, from a high standard of mental refinement, to the most ordinary and commonplace level. The worse remains to be told; for I must add, that I have invariably found deep sorrow and unavailing regret the final consequence of such a descent. Ill-judging friends and parents sometimes strive to undermine the high feelings of a pretty girl, in order to make her consent to a noble or wealthy marriage, from which the delicacy of her nature revolts. In nine cases out of ten, this is also attended with evil consequences; for though a marriage brought about in this manner may go on smoothly, though there may be neither *éclat* nor even quarrelling, it can hardly go on happily; for the suppressed feelings will rebound at times, and then they strike with fearful violence against the heart: not to say that those may be at hand who know how and when to make them strike, and to avail themselves of the stunning consequences resulting from the blow. Here I must make an observation, which I have no time to explain at length. It is this:—Ladies would often make a bad choice, if the selection of a husband were always left to their own unguided fancies. I suspect that heiresses seldom choose well, at least none of them ever had the good taste to choose me; but if the pretty dears often select foolishly enough, I believe they are generally right when they refuse, and should not be pressed to accept any one against their inclination. To proceed, however, on the subject of intimacies.

Parents should always bear in recollection, and may rest assured of the fact, that the well-educated young ladies of whom we have been speaking, are, in nine cases out of ten, vastly superior to their ordinary quadrille-dancing partners,—superior, I mean, in mind, intellect, delicacy of feeling, and what may be called general information; and for the simple reason that women are formed of a finer texture, have more quickness of apprehension than we have, and that their minds come, therefore, much sooner to maturity. Attend occasionally to the conversation between young ladies and gentlemen at a party, and you will see how superior the young girls are. From all this, you will observe that little can be gained by a close intercourse with the every-day quadrilling dandy; whereas, a great deal may be lost by bringing the finer material in contact with the coarser, particularly so as ladies have, when very young, a sort of respect for the supposed superiority of us lords of the creation: I am not sure, indeed, whether I ought to undeceive them. The truth is, that I speak feelingly on this point; for I once knew a charming, lively, accomplished, flaxen-haired thing, whose generous feeling, high and proud spirit, beamed through every glance of her large and beautiful blue eyes. She entered the world with all the sanguine hopes of youth; sung, danced, played, pleased and was

pleased,—and flirted, in course. I have been the slave of as many pretty dears as any gentleman ought to be, though never more, I believe, than of this little beauty. But though she delighted me, I delighted not her, and she fell into a flirtation with another person,—a very good sort of a man, who ate his dinner according to the best prescribed rules of the silver fork school, danced his quadrille with dull and perfect accuracy, and was what the world would call perfectly unexceptionable: his assiduity gained upon my fair friend, as the assiduity of such men will often gain upon the most superior girls. With all these excellences, however, he was a man of common mind, associated with common minded persons,—as birds of a feather flock together,—and brought the coarse dross of his own ideas, and of those of his companions, so constantly in contact with the brighter and finer textured mind of the lady of whom I am speaking, that the nobler polish of the softest metal was soon worn away by the ruder substance, even as the brightness of the finest gold is sure to wear away when brought into contact with the meaner metals of the mine.

The flirtation ended in nothing, as thousands do every day; nor would it deserve a word of notice, but for the singular effect it produced upon a very charming girl. Her heart was not even scratched, though her high and noble tone of feeling was so terribly defaced, that it actually ruined her beauty, which depended far more upon expression than upon feature; the main source of that lovely expression was gone, and her face was absolutely vulgarised by the change. She soon perceived the effect, and regret naturally augmented it; and though not yet twenty-five years of age, she now is only mentioned as the "remains of the beautiful Miss Plantagenet." "The harp of Rosa slumbers," and the most touching voice that ever made the heart thrill to its inmost core forgets the song, and is only heard in repetition of stale, flat, and unprofitable commonplaces of every-day conversation. In a minor degree, her fate is the fate of thousands; and if few fall so far, it is because few stood on so brilliant an elevation.

And, now, as to the charming dears of the "bedchamber," the victors of the victor of Waterloo,—"*les vainqueurs du vainqueur de la terre.*" A great deal has been said respecting the late ministerial "change and no change"—both parties being perfectly conscious that they were not speaking *out* when gravely talking about "precedents," "usual custom in such cases," "proofs of the sovereign's confidence," and "respect for the feelings of a young and helpless female." All this was addressed to the marines, as sailors say; but to you and me, who understand such matters, it was "leather and prunella," and was never intended to be any thing more. What Lord Brougham said was excellent, as far as it went; but as he knows absolutely nothing about the sex, and should never—like the other upholders of a scandalous clause in the new Poor-law Bill—be allowed to utter one sentence respecting them, I am reluctantly obliged to enlighten the public on this, as well as on so many other important points.

What is the simple reason why Sir Robert Peel would not, and could not, accept office, so long as the female household remained unchanged? The very same which would prevent me, or any other officer of the Royal Grenadiers, from occupying a fortress which the enemy had undermined in his retreat, and the train to which he retained the means of lighting at pleasure. In such cases, all *soldadoes*, who have no fancy for being blown into the air at the convenience of an adversary, begin by a close inspection of the premises, and never take regular possession till they have made a complete clearance, and cut off all communication with the foe. Now, do not suppose that I intend to compare the "maids of honor" to fire-faggots and barrels of gunpowder,—far from it; they are all very charming and amiable women, and dangerous exactly in proportion to their amiability: had they been an ugly, stupid set, they might have remained in the household till doomsday. Women, and particularly married women, are the greatest political intriguers that can possibly be found. As long as the pretty dears are single, and deeply occupied with balls, parties, partners, flirtations, passing attachments, and matrimonial speculations, they are not so dangerous in this respect; but the moment they are married, and have no longer any interesting affairs of the heart to engage their attention nearer home, they immediately turn their shrewd and active minds to the most important and exciting pursuit in which they can possibly contrive to meddle; and state affairs take, of course, the lead of all others. We need not refer to history for examples of female influence, as every one who has mixed in society knows, that women of a certain age and station take far more interest in politics than in any thing else, and that it forms their principal and favorite topic of conversation,—a little pleasant and harmless scandal hardly excepted. It is not merely that they exert themselves in favor of friends, lovers, and relatives, with a degree of zeal and perseverance which a minister is not able to resist; but it is notorious, that where they have access to the higher powers, they will interfere in the most important affairs of state: and then how do things look so graceful and winning a manner,—they have so much tact and penetration, and read the most stupid ministerial countenance with such perfect ease, that there is, in truth, no resisting them. If her Majesty will only give me the nomination of her maids of honor, she may retain the ministerial appointments as long as she likes.

That these papers have entitled me to the privilege of writing maxims, none, I presume, will deny. I shall therefore begin with laying down two, which I trust will immediately be carried into law, by all who make any pretensions to *ton*, tact, and good taste.

You must never, in general society be very assiduous to any lady in particular; you are not to be always at her elbow, keeping others aloof, and preventing her from mixing in general conversation. In the boudoir, or in a *tete-a-tete*, you may be as tender and attentive as you can; but clever women dislike to see the same dangler, however favored, always following them in company, as if tied to their apron-strings; *éclat*-seeking women only tolerate such conduct.

My next is imperative, and commands that smoking and snuff-taking shall be abolished, without respite or reprieve, as filthy and disgusting practices, injurious alike to health, elegance, and cleanliness. Cigar smoking is an acquired habit, assumed from mere affectation, after the smoker has made himself sick for weeks together, merely for the honor of making a chimney of his throat. "Oh, but we are so used to it," say the fumers, "that we cannot now leave it off." Not leave off snuff and cigars! Why, I would back a full-grown turkey-cock—a bubbley-jock, as they say in Scotland—against a whole divan of dandies, who should tell me that they could not command sufficient resolution to submit to the dictates of ordinary cleanliness.

MY FIRST AND LAST FIRE HUNT.

Sam Sikes was forever at me to go with him upon what he called a "Fire Hunt." I could never meet him but he was sure to have a long tale to tell me of some of his exploits in that way; and such were the glowing pictures he presented that I had often promised to go with him "some of these times."

Sam was one of the most inveterate hunters I ever knew. He delighted in no other pursuit or pastime, and though he pretended to cultivate a small spot of ground, yet so large a portion of his time was spent in the pursuits of game, that his agricultural interests suffered much for the want of attention. He lived a few miles from town, as you passed his house, which stood a little distance from the main road, though a few acres of corn and a small patch of potatoes might probably attract your notice as standing greatly in need of the hoe, yet the most prominent objects about Sam's domicile pertained to his favorite amusement. A huge pair of antlers—trophy of one of his proudest achievements—occupied a conspicuous place on the gable-end; some ten or a dozen lofty fishing poles, which, though modestly stowed behind the chimney, projected far above the roof of the little cabin: and upon its unchinked walls many a coon and deerskin was undergoing the process of drying. If all these did not convince you that the proprietor was a sportsman, the varied and clamorous music of a score of hungry-looking hounds, as they issued forth in full cry at every passer-by, could not fail to force the conviction.

Sam Sikes had early found a companion to share his good or ill luck, and though he was yet on the green side of thirty, he was obliged to provide for six or seven tallow-faced responsibilities; so he not only followed the chase from choice, but when his wife, who hated "fisherman's luck," *worse* than Sam a nod or a nibble, took him to account for spending so many broken days, Saturday afternoons, rainy days, odd hours, to say nothing of *whole nights* in the woods, without bringing home so much as a cat-squirrel, or "horney head," his ready reply was, that he was '*bleeged*' to do the best he could to get meat for her and the *childern*.

The "fire hunt" was his favorite hobby, and though the legislature of Florida had forbidden that mode of hunting, yet Sam, considering as he did, the law to be "no account," continued to indulge as freely as ever in his favorite sport.

I was sitting one evening, after tea, upon the steps of the porch, enjoying the cool breeze of an autumnal evening, when who should make his appearance but my friend Sam Sikes.

He had come for me to go with him on a fire-hunt. He was mounted on his mule Blaze, with his pan upon one shoulder, and his musket on the other. Determined to have every thing in readiness before calling upon me, he had gone to the kitchen and lit a few light-wood splinters, which were now blazing in the pan, and which served the double purpose of lighting him through the enclosure, and of demonstrating to me the manner of hunting by night. As he approached the house the light discovered me where I was sitting.

"Good evenin', squire—I've come out to see if you're a mind to take a little hunt to-night."

"I believe not, Mr. Sikes," I replied, feeling entirely too well satisfied with my pleasant seat in the cool breeze, to desire to change it for a ramble through the woods at night. "Not to-night, it looks like rain."

"Oh shaw, 'taint gwain to rain, depend upon it—and I'm all fixed; come—come along."

As he spoke, he rode close to the porch, and his mule made several efforts to crop the shrubbery that grew by the door, which Sam promptly opposed.

"How far are you going, Mr. Sikes?" I inquired, endeavoring to shake off the lazy fit, which inclined me to keep my seat.

"Only jest up the branch a little bit—not beyant a mile from your fence at the outside. Look at him!"—and he gave the reins a jerk. "Thar's deer a plenty up at the forks, and we'l have r'al sport. Come, you better go, and ——why, look at him!"—and he gave the reins a jerk, at the same time that he sent a kick to his mule's ribs that might have been heard a hundred yards—"and I'll show you how to shine their eyes."

As he sat in the saddle persuading me to go, his mule kept frisking and twisting in such a manner as to annoy him exceedingly. Upon his left shoulder he bore his blazing pan, and upon his right he held his musket, holding the reins also in his right hand, so that any effort on his part to restrain the movements of his animal was attended with much difficulty. I had about made up my mind to go, when the mule became more and more troublesome.

"Woe!—woe, now!—blast your heart!—look at him!" then might be heard a few good lusty kicks. "Come get your gun, and ——will you hold up your head!"

"As I only go to satisfy my curiosity, I'll leave all the shooting to you."

"Well, any way you like, squire."

We were about to start when suddenly the mule gave a loud bray, and when I turned to look, his heels were high in the air, and Sam clinging to his neck, while the fire flew in every direction. The mule wheeled, reared and kicked, and still Sam hung to his neck, shouting, "Look at him! woe! woe! will you mind!—woe, now!" but all to no purpose, until at length the infuriated animal backed to the low paling fence, which enclosed a small flower garden; over which he tumbled, Sam, mule and altogether. So soon as Sam could disengage himself, he discovered that the saddle blanket was on fire, which had been the cause of all the difficulty.

"Cus the luck," said Sam; "that's what comes o' jerking your drotted head about that-a-way. Blast your heart, you've spilt all my fixens—and here's my pan, jest as crooked as a fish-hook;" then there was a kick or two, and a blow with the frying-pan—"take that you infernal fool, and hold your head still next time. And you've skinned my leg, odd blast your infernal picter—take that under your short ribs now; I've a great mind to blow your infernal brains out this very night. And you've broke the squire's palens down, you unnatural cus. Woe! step over now, if you are satisfied."

By this time Sam had got the mule out of the enclosure, and had gathered up most of his plunder. The whole scene after the upsetting of the pan, had taken place in the dark, and from the moment I saw the mule's heels flying and Sam clinging to his neck, it was with difficulty I restrained my mirth: and during his solo in the enclosure, I was absolutely compelled to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth to prevent his hearing my laughter.

"Did you ever *see* the likes o' that, squire?"

"I'm very sorry it happened," I replied, "as it will prevent us from taking our hunt."

"No, I'll be dad burn'd if it does tho'—I an't to be backed out that-a-way, squire. You know a bad beginning makes a good endin,' as the old woman said. He is'nt done such a great sight o' harm no how, only bent the handle of my pan a little, and scratched a little skin off my shins—but that's nothing no how. So if you'll hold Blaze till I go and git a torch, we'll have a shot at a pair o' eyes yet to night."

I took the bridle while Sam procured a torch, and after he had gathered up the faggots, which he had brought to burn in his pan, we set off for the branch; Sam mounted on his mule, with a torch in one hand, while I walked by his side.

It was only necessary for us to go a short distance before we were at the designated spot.

"Thar," said Sam, "here's as good a place as any; so I'll jest hitch Blaze here, and light our pan:"

Accordingly Blaze was hitched to a stout sapling, and Sam proceeded to light the fire in his pan.

"Now, squire," said Sam, "you must keep close to me, and you mus'nt make a racket in the bushes. You see the way we does to shine the deer's eyes is this; we holds the pan so on the left shoulder, and carries the gun at a trail in the right hand. Well, when I wants to look, I turns round, keeping my eye on the corner of my shadow, and if thar's a deer in range of the light, his eyes 'll look 'zactly like two balls of fire."

This explanation was perfectly satisfactory, as we moved on a few paces, and Sam made a circuit, but saw no eyes.

"Never mind," says he, "we'l find 'em, you see."

We moved on cautiously, and Sam made his observations as before, but with no better effect. Thus we travelled on, from place to place, until I began to get weary of the sport.

"Well, Mr. Sikes," I remarked, "I don't see that your bad beginning is going to insure a better ending."

"Patience, squire; you'll see."

We moved on again. I had become quite weary, and fell some ways behind, Sam stopped, and when I came up, he said in a low voice:—

"You better keep pretty close, squire, 'case if I should happen to shine your byes, you see I wouldn't know 'em from a deer, and old Betsy here toats fifteen buckshot and a ball, and slings 'em to kill."

I fell behind no more.

We had wandered about for several hours, and the sky which had not been the clearest on the commencement, now began to assume the appearance of rain. I had more than once suggested the propriety of going home. But Sam was not to be won from his purpose, he was ambitious of showing me how to shine the eyes of a buck. We searched on as before, for another half hour, and I was about to express my determination to go home, when Sam suddenly paused.

"Stop, stop," said he; "thar's eyes, and whoppers they is too: now, hold still."

I raised on tiptoe with eager anticipation—I heard the click of the lock; Sam stood for a moment in portentous silence; the next moment the old musket blazed forth with a thundering report, and in the same instant was heard a loud squeel and a noise like the snapping of the reins of a bridle.

"Thunder and lightnin'!" exclaimed Sam, as he dropped gun, pan, and all, and ran to the spot, "I've shot old Blaze!"

So soon as he had recovered from the shock, we hastened to the spot where the luckless animal was still floundering in the agonies of death, and sure enough there lay the mule:—'past all surgery.' Sam stood by him until he breathed his last, in breathless agony; he uttered not a word until after the signs of life were extinct, then, with a heavy sigh, he muttered:

"Well, I reckon I've done for you now! that's what I calls a pretty night's work, any how.'

"A bad beginning does'nt always make a good ending, Mr. Sikes."

"Luck will run so sometimes," said Sam in a sullen tone, as he commenced taking the saddle off his deceased donkey. "I'm blamed if I see how I got so turned round.'

By this time it had commenced to rain, and we were anxious to get home, but Sam had dropped his gun and pan, as the awful truth rushed upon him that he had killed the only mule he possessed in the world, and we now found it difficult to recover them. After searching about for near an hour in the drizling rain, Sam chanced to come upon the spot, and having regained his gun and pan, we endeavored to strike a fire; all effort, however, to produce a light proved ineffectual, and we commenced to grope our way through the darkness.

"Hello, squire, whar are you?"

"Here."

"Whar you gwain?"

"Home."

"Well, that's not the way."

"Why, we came this way."

"No, I reckon not."

"I'm sure we didn't come that way."

"Whar does the branch run? If I could only see the branch I could soon find the way."

"It must be down this way."

"I swar, I'm completely deluded; if I had'nt been turned round like, I'd never a' killed Blaze."

Sam came tearing through the briars with his stirrup-irons dangling about him, and his gun in one hand, and frying-pan in another. I volunteered to carry his gun, but he was in an awful humor; he was still harping on his mule, and grumbling to himself:

"What" he muttered, "will Polly say now? I'll never hear the last o' that critter; that's worse than choppin' the coon-tree across the settin' hen's nest, and I liked never to hear the eend o' that.'

After groping through the brush and briars, which seemed to grow thicker the farther we proceeded, Sam stopped.

"I swar, squire, this ain't the way.'

"Well, lead the way, and I'll follow you," I replied, beginning myself to think I was wrong.

Changing our direction, we plodded on, occasionally tumbling over logs and brush, until Sam concluded that all our efforts to find the way were useless.

"O thunder!" he exclaimed, as he tore away from a thick jungle of briars in which he had been rearing and pitching for several minutes, "it ain't no use to try to find the way, no how, squire. So let's find a big tree, and stop under it till morning."

I saw no alternative, so readily consented to his proposal.

Accordingly, we nestled down under the shelter of a large live oak. For a time neither spoke, and all was still, save the buz of an endless swarm of musquitoes, who relieved their drowsy concert by an occasional nip. At length I broke silence by remarking—

"I think this will be my last fire-hunt.'

"I wouldn't keer a cent," replied Sam, "if I had'nt a' killed Blaze. That's all I minds.'

"I should think a few such exploits as this would cure your fire-hunting propensity. You never had such luck before, I presume.'

"No, not 'zactly, tho' I've had some bad luck in my time too. I reckon you never learn about the time the painters played sich a trick on me?"

"No—what trick?"

"Why, it was last fall about this time. Dudley and I went out and camped near Lake Jackson. Well, he took his pan and went out one way, and I went another. I had'nt been gone from the camp long, afore I seed eyes. I fotch'd old Betsey to my face, and cut loose, and I heerd the deer drap; but somehow I drapt my pan jist like I did to-night, when I heard old Blaze squeel. While I was trying to kindle up a light, what should I see but more eyes shinin' way down in the holler. I drapt the fire, and loaded up old Betsey as quick as I could, to be ready for the varmint, whatever it was. The eyes kept coming closer and closer, and gittin' brighter and brighter, and bime-by, I seed a whole grist o' eyes follerin' rite arter the fust, all dodging up and down, like they were dancin' devils. I begin to get skeerd, so I rased old Betsey and pulled at the nearest eyes, but she snapped; I primed, and she flashed, and when I flashed, sich another squallin' and growlin' you never heard, and up the trees went the eyes all around me. Thinks I, them must be somethin' unnateral, bein as my gun would'nt shoot at 'em. So I draped old Betsey and put out for the camp with all my might. Well we went back next mornin', and what do you think? them infernal critters had eat the deer up as clean as a whistle, all but his bones and horns, and a little ways off layed old Betsey, with four fingers of buck shot and bullets, but no powder in her. Then I know'd they was painters."

"Why, they might have eaten you too; you were lucky to escape them."

"That's a fact; D—dley said he wondered they did'nt take hold o' me."

The drizzling shower which had already nearly wet us to the skin, now turned to a drenching storm, which continued for more than an hour without intermission. When the storm abated, we discovered the dawn approaching, and shortly after were enabled to ascertain our whereabouts. We were not three hundred yards from the enclosure, which we had left in the evening, and, probably, had not been during the night more than a mile from the house.

As we stepped from the wood into the open road, I could not resist a hearty laugh at the ludicrous appearance of my companion. There he stood, with the saddle and bridle girdled about his neck, his musket in one hand, and pan in the other; and drenched with rain, his clothes torn, with a countenance that told the painful conflict within, he stood an object of sympathy, more than ridicule.

"Well," said he, with a heavy sigh, and without looking me in the face, "good mornin', squire."

"Good morning," I replied, touched with sympathy for my unfortunate comrade, and reproaching myself for the mirth I had enjoyed at his expense. "Good morning, Mr. Sikes, I am very sorry for your misfortune, and hope you will have better luck in future."

"Oh, squire, it an't the vally of the mule, tho' old Blaze was a mighty fine critter. But thar's my wife—what'll she say when she sees me comin' home in this here fix? Howsomever, 'what can't be cured must be endured,' as the feller said when the monkey bit him. But she better not," said he, with a stern look as he spoke, "come a cavortin' about me this mornin', for I an't in no humor no how!" and he shook his head, as much as to say he'd make the fur fly if she did.

We parted at the gate, Sam for his home, and I for my bed; he sorely convinced that a bad beginning did not always make a good ending; and I quit resolved that it should be my first and last Fire Hunt. Augusta Mirror.

A HUNTING STORY.

Mr. Editor,—Yesterday morning Mr. Joshua Barter, of Wisconsin Territory, who, for a few weeks past, has been taking the benefit of a residence at the White Sulphur Springs, in Lewis County, Ky., for the improvement of his health, made an excursion into the hilly regions lying east of these Springs, to amuse himself in his favorite sport of hunting. During his ramble he chanced, while meandering through a deep rich valley, to arrive at a small, almost impenetrable canebrake which grows on a fertile spot, deep embosomed between two towering ridges. Mr. B. made his way for some time along the border of the thicket, not intending to penetrate farther than its suburbs, when his ear caught an unusual sound, which came from its interior. At first he paid no particular attention to the strange noise, supposing it proceeded from a nest of young birds of some sort or other, but passed along, cautiously glancing his eye on every side in search of game. As he proceeded the noise became louder and more distinct—yet, from all his acquaintance with fowls, and beasts of the forest, his keen sagacity in this instance was not able to recognise the present author. Curiosity at length became interested, and Mr. B. concluded to trace it up, and learn the unknown object. Accordingly, he entered the cane slowly, and with difficulty found his way through the netted cloud, whose thick clustering foliage overhead excluded every ray of the sun, and prevented him from seeing more than ten or twelve feet in either direction. After penetrating a few rods, he was startled by two or three sudden blows, like the sound of a heavy club beat upon the ground just before him. He halted, and through the intricacies of the leaves surveyed everything within the little space his eye was partially able to command, but saw no living creature, and again proceeded. A minute, and the beating was renewed. He paused again—gazed everywhere—but still nothing appeared in sight. In this manner he continued to make his way some distance farther; when he stopped the beating ceased—when he advanced it began, and louder at every step he made. If he walked backward, or sideways, all was quiet, but to go forward, put the unknown spirit in motion.

Mr. B. not being one of those persons who believe in wizards, witches, or ghosts, or of being frightened by anything he might chance to hear or see in the woods, determined now to push forward and know what, or who it was that attempted thus to dispute his way. He inspected the priming and flint of his rifle, took from his pocket a knife, opened it for ready use, and once more commenced his march. The thickness of the cane prevented him from carrying his gun in any other mode than that of a presented position close to his body, or of poking its muzzle forward between the stalks to make way for himself to pass, which would have rendered it quite a useless weapon had an enemy approached him suddenly from any direction than in front. A few steps, however, revealed the whole mystery; for, on reaching the butt of a large fallen tree, his eye glancing along the pathway, occasioned through the thicket by its prostrated trunk, discovered towards its top a copious pile of leaves and fine brush, in the middle of which wallowed a couple of young black animals, whose constant howling it was that had first drawn his attention.

He was now certain that to proceed further on his journey in a direct course towards its object could not be accomplished without some fighting. The creature which had been pounding the earth so long before him was warning him not, and threatening him if he did, continue, had now taken his post a little at his side. The young animals in the nest were young bears; and to have gone one step further towards them, seemed sure of bringing down upon him with terrible fury the huge monster whose jaws he could now hear smacking together—anon, like the percussion of rock against rock; and whose paw, as she angrily raised it and struck on the earth, sounded like the stamp of a war horse, eager for battle. As he discovered the cubs, Mr. B., fearful of an immediate attack, sprang upon the butt of the fallen tree, to give himself thereby a little space, should it be necessary, in wheeling and whirling himself about with his arms to better advantage.

From this position he tried in vain to discover the shape of her body through the leaves, which only gave him a mere glimpse of her form, to enable him to direct a sure and deadly fire. Being well aware of his imminent danger should he fire and only inflict a wound, he did not think proper to run any risk by mere guess work; nor was he willing to retreat without making sure of both old and young as his own game. He next tried to get a little nearer, but as he cautiously advanced, she gave way keeping at the same distance, hid in the thicket, and allowing him to go in any direction peaceably, except towards the cubs. Finding his endeavors ineffectual, he returned and again mounted the log at the place he had first occupied; and from which he had a fair prospect of the cubs. Then adding an additional ball to the charge in his rifle, took off his frock coat, buttoned it up nicely before, stuffed it full of leaves and twigs which he could handily reach on either side without leaving his place, fixed on the end of the budget his hat, and threw it towards the young bears. This stratagem had the desired effect. No sooner had it landed on the nest, than the old bear plunged forward with the utmost fury, sweeping everything in her way, and leaped upon her deceptive prey. This manœuvre brought her body in plain view of her enemy, who, while her attention was thus employed, poured the contents of his rifle through her heart, and she fell dead.

By the assistance of several gentlemen and a team, all three were brought to the Springs last evening to the great wonder and curiosity of the numerous gentlemen and ladies now residing here. The old bear is one of the largest ever taken in this country; and it was supposed by good judges that had she been in fine order, she would have weighed seven hundred pounds. The cubs are still alive, and will be kept for the amusement of those who may visit the Springs during the season.

Very respectfully, yours,

July 20th, 1839. A. H. G. Fletcher.

Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

The joyous and exciting autumn season of Racing has commenced, and we are on the *qui vive* continually for intelligence from important meetings. While we are now writing, the great Post Stake at Norfolk is doubtless running, in the presence of thousands of spectators. The latest information from "the seat of war" inclines us to the belief that *Wonder*, *Willis*, and *Omega*, are the champions for the respective stables, but the result cannot reach us before this paper goes to press.

Next week, at Petersburg, a still more interesting race is to be run—more interesting from the celebrity of the horses engaged, and the associations of the old Newmarket Course. *Boston* and *The Queen* are there to meet, and there is an entry, likewise, from one other stable to go for the Stake. The friends of The Queen have long been anxious for an opportunity of contending with the "old white face," and we may look for time which has not yet been equalled on the Virginia turf. Could the race be run here to-morrow, it is our belief that Boston would be the favorite at odds, but at the South it is otherwise; many gentlemen from Virginia and Carolina, with whom we have conversed, have expressed a confidence in the speed and power of the young Priam, which it is impossible they should not back with almost recklessness. May we rely upon Mr. Hare for a full and early report?

But the great event of the Fall campaign is the Sweepstakes at Louisville, with Ten subscribers, Four mile heats, to be run the week following the Petersburg Meeting. There will be a larger assemblage in attendance upon it than has ever been seen west of the Alleghanies. All Kentuck will be on the ground, of course, while thousands of Southern gentlemen who have been passing the summer at the North, will take Louisville on their route home, and attend these races certainly. And such betting as there will be! Old Kentucky will stand up to the rack, "fodder or no fodder," on *Grey Eagle*, *Mary Vaughan*, *Queen Mary*, *Occident*, *Tarlton*, *Hawk-Eye*, and *Musedora*; the Tennesseeans have *Picton* in the stake, and Virginia *Billy Townes*, while the Louisiana and Mississippi turfmen will back *Wagner* with a looseness before unknown even in *their* States. A letter from "N.," in this day's paper, indicates the state of the betting; it confirms, likewise, our former advices, that the Louisiana "crack" is the favorite. It will be three weeks before we shall be able to announce the result in our paper, and the speculator in these parts shall, ere that, have more information on the subject to guide his operations.

What a contrast does our own racing community present to the situation of things in Virginia and the West! The calamities of the times have aggravated so far the expenses of training, that we have but little encouragement for a prospect of good sport. Far too many gentlemen are seeking a market for their blood stock, in place of pressing on eagerly in the exciting sports of the turf. Alas, that it should be so! But we must still believe that with the return of prosperity to our borders, the good spirit will again revive in all its freshness, and the same solicitude be displayed to enter into stakes and matches, and encourage the sport, that is now manifested to withdraw from the most elegant and manly of recreations.

New Race Course in Louisiana.—A letter from a friend, dated Baton Rouge, Sept. 4th, informs us that a new race course will be completed in that place in time for the Spring races. He says:—"I have no hesitation in saying that this place offers more advantages to sportsmen than any other point on the Mississippi. The land is high, and the soil light; and, moreover, being the half-way point from Natchez to New Orleans, renders it a suitable place for travelling sportsmen to prepare their horses for any course in Mississippi or Louisiana. As regards health and good water, and cheapness of fare, this place cannot be excelled by any other in the South. Our purses will be sufficiently large to induce the best horses in the Union to run for them."

There is a young man in town who desires to take some horses out to Georgia. He is well recommended to us as a careful and attentive man, and any Southern gentleman who may be making purchases of blood stock in New York may find this a convenient opportunity to obtain a discreet groom to accompany them. Apply at the office of this paper.

The advertisement of the Camden and Philadelphia races, which was received at too late an hour for our last paper, will be found at length in another column, and we would invite attention to it.

Regatta at Harlæm.—A Regatta took place on Thursday last on Harlæm River, for a report of which we are indebted to the "Tattler," as we were too busy to be in attendance upon it. That paper informs us that the weather was beautiful, the breeze just strong enough to ripple the waters, and the concourse of spectators much greater than was anticipated. The first race was for a silver pitcher, worth $150, distance five miles, and the boats came in in the following order:—Washington, of Poughkeepsie, in 27:16, Edwin Forrest, of New York, next, Victoria 3d, and D. D. Tompkins last.

The second was a four mile race, for a purse of $100, and was contested by three boats. They came in thus:—S. J. Willis first, in 30:20, Verage 2d, Basket last.

The officers of the French brig "Le Voltigieur," and Capt. Hoskin, of the Great Western, were among the spectators.

We call attention to an advertisement of imported *Autocrat*, in another column.

Pictures of English Horses.—We take pleasure in acknowledging the courtesy of Capt. Stockton of the Navy, to which we are indebted for a beautiful picture of the renowned *Harkaway*. Capt. S. having been at Liverpool when Harkaway ran there, had the painting made of him, and though our office is hung around with fine paintings of horses, yet is this the gem of the collection. On Monday it will be ready for exhibition, as just now it is in the hands of a carver, to be framed. The engravings which we have seen of Harkaway, resemble hardly at all this picture, and turfmen will therefore be interested in studying the points of this noble steed in the only likeness of him that has yet been seen in America. After seeing it they will hardly be surprised by his great performances on the turf.

Our little collection has been recently enriched by two other paintings of English horses, by the famous artist Herring,—one of *Bay Middleton*, the other of *Spaniel*, both being winners of the Derby. A more elegant expression of his remembrance could not have been selected by the friend to whom we are indebted for them.

Hint to Borrowers of My Rod.

Friend Porter:—This is to certify that I have used your Fishing Rod, and apparatus thereunto appertaining, for the extracting of scaly subjects from the briny deep, with most decided satisfaction to myself. It works like a charm having drawn out some 'tens' of bass in a short time, and I recommend it to all "individ," *as* can get hold of the same, as an *iligant*, *aisy*, and *mithy dacent consarn intirely*.

In memory of which I am yours, now and forever. C.

Monday, 16, 1839.

Note by Editor.—This is to give notice that he who, like the "individ" above, would borrow our rod and appurtenances, without returning therewith, a "mithy iligant" report of his doings, had best apply in other quarters. It is all ham to call that fun which will not bear reporting.

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11, 1839—Match, $600 a side, Empress vs. Time—Thirty-three miles in Two Hours, in harness.

Won by Mr. J. D. McMann's br. m. *Lady Suffolk*, driven by her owner, as follows:

1st mile	3:52	12th mile	3:28	23d mile	3:45
2d mile	3:30	13th mile	3:18	24th mile	3:39
3d mile	3:26	14th mile	3:26	25th mile	4:04
4th mile	3:10	15th mile	3:27	26th mile	3.41
5th mile	3:15	16th mile	3:25	27th mile	3:49
6th mile	3:13	17th mile	4:36	28th mile	3:48
7th mile	3:08	18th mile	3:47	29th mile	3:52
8th mile	3:18	19th mile	3:44	30th mile	3:43
9th mile	3:33	20th mile	3:37	31st mile	4:04
10th mile	3:06	21st mile	3:39	32d mile	3:57
11th mile	3:07	22d mile	3:40	33d mile	3:48

Making a total of 1 hour, 58 minutes, and 55 seconds. The mare thus won by one minute and five seconds. The match has been reported as won by one minute and *six* seconds, which shows how accurately speed is timed upon our race tracks.

We did not see this trot, but are indebted for the above particulars to a gentleman who has often favored us with minutes of his observation of this favorite sport. In this match the mare was held up every eight miles and a quarter, and while walking (for she was not brought to a dead stand) partook of a little gruel, and her mouth was sponged. She is a fine large mare, and showed no symptoms of distress. She had been but five weeks in training, and it is believed that she can perform Thirty-four miles in two hours.

LENGTH OF THE KENDALL COURSE.

It is gratifying that Mr. Kendall has at last thought it worth his while to have his track re-measured, that all doubts as to the quick time which has been, or may hereafter be made upon it, may be dispelled. It has now been repeatedly determined that it is a full mile, and henceforth, when we hear of such performances as *Argyle*, *Wonder*, and *Master Henry* have made over it, we shall seek the solution of their extraordinary speed in some other circumstance than the length of the track. Annexed is the certificate of the four gentlemen who took part in the work:—

MEASUREMENT OF THE KENDALL RACE COURSE.

Sept. 10th, 1839.

This is to certify that we, the subscribers, did on this day carefully measure the Kendall Race Course, with two 10 feet rods, and find it to be 1760 yards and one foot. We measured within three feet of the inside railing, close on the edge of the grass, and we have no hesitation in saying it was closer to the railing than any horse could possibly run. Given under our hands this day and date above mentioned.

T. R. S. Boyce,
Chas. S. W. Dorsey,
Jas. B. Kendall,
Henry Gill.

White Deer, and Model for Letter Writers.

Colleton District, S. C.

My dear Sir,—I see accounts in your paper of killing White Deer. In our small way here we do these things. I was with a party the last winter, one of which killed a doe, perfectly white; and early this Spring the same party killed a peg-horn buck, also white, except the head—both large animals, but poor. The natives eschew the meat, the superstition is that they are witches. I found the meat good. Yours very truly, E.

P.S. By the way, how do I stand with the "Turf Register?"

Note by the Editor.—Paid up for vols. 10, 11, and 12.

TROYE—THE ARTIST.

Llangollen, Sept. 4, 1839.

My dear Sir,—Troye is taken!—

"Quis taliafando temperet a lacrymis?"
Hostis habet illum, ruit ab apula Troye.

It is the old story over again. Will the dear creatures leave us *no peace*, even of painting?

At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat concilia. It is too true: the Cyprian queen has taken our *painter*, and turned him into *a married man*. He has thrown by the palette and the brush, and devotes his time to new pursuits. Is not this too bad? I declare I will never forgive the lady unless she lets him paint. He says he is going to be a farmer, but I hope he means only a *husbandman*. It never must be said Troye *fuit*-Pictor till he is dead;—picture of Priam forbid it! If he had been destroyed by a *wooden horse*, instead of painting living ones, I would have mourned instead of admiring; "but to lose him thus!" it grieves me, but I hope will bring no grief to him. Badinage aside—our friend (and, by the bye, one of the finest animal painters since the days of Stubbs, and a most amiable gentleman to boot) was married a short time since, in Kentucky, and intends to abandon his profession, which I much regret. May he be happy, and make you, friend P., think of your "sins of omission," and shew forth a true repentance in future. With great respect yours, &c. J. L.

Note by the Editor.—Since the receipt of the above "obituary," we have heard from the artist himself, and are most gratified to state that the "new state of being" upon which he has entered, will not deter him from the exercise of his old profession, if sufficient inducements are held out to him.

Mr. Troye writes us in the warmest terms of commendation as to the excellence of Mr. Dick's engravings from his pictures. It is not usual for painters to express themselves satisfied with engravings made from their works, on which account the encomium upon Mr. Dick affords us the more pleasure. In every picture that he has yet executed for the "Spirit of the Times," the subscribers may be assured that Mr. Dick has copied the original with distinguished fidelity, and that they have before them true, life-like likenesses of the several subjects.

Mr. Troye is residing near Lexington, Ky., whither all letters for him may be addressed; and it is our sincere wish that he may receive such encouragement to remain in his profession, that the fruits of his very fine genius for animal painting may not be lost to the world.

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES.

We have received from our special correspondent a report of the Fall meeting over the *Beachland Course*, near Maysville, Ky., from which we learn that the above races commenced on the 3d inst., under rather unfavorable circumstances, the weather being extremely unpleasant. A long continued drought for months past rendered the track most awfully dusty and deep, to which may be ascribed the reason for the slow time reported below. The attendance each day was rather slim. The following gentlemen are the Officers of the Club, viz.:—Maj. Thos. Marshall, President; C. A. Marshall, Esq, Vice Pres't; C. B. Ryan, Esq., 2d do.: Dr. J. M. Duke, 3d do.; A. A. Wadsworth, Esq, 4th do., and Jas. Farman, Esq., 5th do.; R. H. Stanton, Esq., Secretary; W. J. Stratton, Esq., Treasurer and Proprietor.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3, 1839—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Seven subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Marshall's br. f. *Mary Reid*, by Industry, dam by Rattler	1 1
B. Kirk's br. f. *Mary Ann Forman*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Bertrand	2 2
E. B. Lee's bl. c. *Eutaw*, by Brown's Sumpter, dam by Old Tiger	dist.

Time not given.

The Industry filly the favorite. After several false starts they got off, Mary Ann leading for about half a mile, when the favorite gave her the go by, and came in first, winning the heat easily.

2d heat.—The Industry took the lead, was never headed, and came home an easy winner.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $10, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86 4, 100—5, 110—6, 116—7 and upwards, 124lbs.: 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Chas. Buford's (G. W. Brand's) ch. c. *Vertner*, by Medoc, out of Lady Adams by Whipster, 3 yrs	1 1
Dr. J. M Duke's (L. K. Grigsby's) ch. f. by Archie Montorio, dam by Old Court, 3 y.	3 2
R. P. Snell's b. f. *Mary Ellen*, by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	2 3
W. J. Stratton's (Mr. Beech's) ch. c. by Imp. Daghee, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	dist.

Time, 1:58—1:57.

The betting was in favor of Vertner vs. the field. After two or three false starts, they got off in pretty good order, Vertner in front, who maintained his position throughout, and won the heat cleverly.

The *2d heat* was won by Vertner much in the same style as the first. In the first heat a serious accident had nearly occurred to the rider of the Daghee colt; by some mismanagement, or rather stupidity, of the starter, the boy was thrown from his seat, but luckily he did not sustain much injury. The colt, however, was distanced in consequence.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $50, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

A. A. Wadsworth's (Lieut. W. S. Harris') b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, out of Miss Obstinate by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1 3 1
E. B. Lee's (P. Gatewood's) ch. c. *Sir Halpin*, by Medoc, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 y.	3 1 2
W. J. Stratton's (Dr. E. Warfield's) b. h. *Celestion*, by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena, 6 yrs	2 2 3
Dr. J. M. Duke's (J. Webb's) b. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs	dist.
R. H. Stanton's (J. N. Menifee's) b. h. *Tom Benton*, by Bertrand, dam by Cannon, 6 yrs	dist.

Time, 6:03—6.13—7:01.

Betting—Mary Morris vs. the field. The Woodpecker colt had the track, and sprung off with the lead, but was soon passed by Mary on making the first turn; the filly kept in front till they came to the quarter stretch, when Celestion made play, collared and shook her off, and came in ahead the 1st mile, Sir Halpin 2d, Mary 3d, and the others some forty yards behind. On the back side in the 2d round Mary made a dash, came up, challenged and defeated the old horse, and continued to lead, winning the heat cleverly. It was a beautiful and well contested heat, more particularly in the last mile. The Woodpecker colt and Tom Benton were distanced.

2d heat.—Betting now was 2 to 1 on the filly, who led off for a few yards, but was instantly collared and passed by Sir Halpin, Celestion some thirty yards in the rear. The colt maintained his position till the 2d round, when Celestion made a brush, and gave him a severe tug down the back stretch, and kept close up to the end, the filly just dropping within her distance. Mary was most miserably ridden by a young boy, his first appearance in public.

3d heat.—Sir Halpin led off, all going at a wretched pace, doing the first two miles in something like five minutes. The filly in the last round, however, made them increase their pace a little, and after a pretty smart contest down the last quarter with Sir Halpin, Mary won by half a length only.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5—A splendid Sett of Cut Glass, value $300, ent. $30, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Chas. Buford's b. f. *Sophia Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 3 yrs	1 1
Jas. Simpson's b. f. *Rosa Vertner*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Director, 4 yrs	5 2
Jas. Shy's ch. f. *Barbara Allen*, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson, 4 yrs	2 3
Robt. P. Snell's *Woodpecker, Jr.*, by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs	3 4
A. A. Wadsworth's (W. S. Davidson's) b. c. *Stranger*, by Lance, dam ——, 4 y.	4 dist.

Time, 3.58—3:59.

Sophia the favorite. The largeness of the field, and the awkwardness of some of the riders, caused several false starts. When the race actually commenced, a collision ensued by Barbara Allen running against Woodpecker Jr., which threw him down on his quarters, but he fortunately recovered himself immediately, and sprung off after the others, Sophia leading at a capital rate for half a mile, when Barbara took up the work, and was allowed to continue in front till about half way round the last mile, where Woodpecker Jr. went forward and challenged; a most exciting race ensued to the last quarter home, when the filly retired behind. Sophia now made play and lapped the horse: they ran neck and neck, and finished the heat in beautiful style, the filly winning by a head only.

2d heat.—Woodpecker Jr. led off, and made strong running to the 2d turn, and then declined in favor of Rosa Vertner, who took his place, and maintained the lead for the first mile, when Sophia began to creep up, and collared her after a short struggle; she had no difficulty in disposing of her, and won in a very neat style by about three or four lengths.

FRIDAY, Sept. 6—Jockey Club Purse $700, ent. $70, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Dr. J. M. Duke's (Dr. W. Webb's) b. h. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 5 yrs	3 2 1 1
W. J. Stratton's (Dr. E. Warfield's) b. f. *Duckie*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs	2 1 2 2
A. A. Wadsworth's (Wm. Buford's) b. f. *Minstrel*, by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander, 3 yrs	4 3 3 *
E. B. Lee's (W. Buford, Jr.'s) b. c. *Peter Gatewood*, by Medoc, dam by Double-head, 3 yrs	1 dist.
R. P. Snell's (J. W. Fenwick's) gr. h. *Davy Crockett*, by Hephestion, dam by Mendozer, aged	5 dist.

Time, 9:07—9:05—8:56—9:31. * Ruled out.

During the preceding night, and all the morning, the rain continued to fall at intermissions; however, about 12 o'clock it became fair, and continued so all the afternoon, though the track was in a most wretched plight. The speculations on this race were singularly opposed to its actual result. Although only five horses started, the odds were 10 to 1 against the winner, and many bets were made that Lorenzo and Duckie would be distanced, whilst on Minstrel it was 2 to 1 in her favor vs. the field. After running a few yards, Lorenzo separated himself from the lot, and obtained the lead at a moderate pace, Davy next, Peter Gatewood 3d, Duckie 4th, and Minstrel last. They came round in the 2d mile without any material change, when Lerenzo let out, and made a gap of some fifty yards, but ere they reached the quarter stretch Peter had collared him, and they ran a severe race together till entering on the 3d round, when Peter drew out about half a length ahead, looking amazingly like a winner; but about half a mile from home the little Sarpedon filly made strong play to the distance stand, and then gave it up, Peter winning the heat under a hard pull.

2d heat.—They all cooled off well, with the exception of Peter Gatewood, who appeared to be greatly distressed. On starting Minstrel set off with the lead, Duckie 2d, Lorenzo 3d, and Davy and Peter some thirty yards behind. They ran in this order to the half mile post, when Lorenzo made running, challenged and passed Minstrel; they ran the first two miles and a half in this order, when Peter made an effort, and succeeded in nearing Duckie, but he suddenly gave it up, was stopped, and taken off the track. On the 3d mile, Lorenzo still leading, Minstrel lying 2d, when passing the stand, some officious person cried out "hold your horses;" the riders foolishly pulled up, imagining the heat was over. They were instantly put on their way again, though they lost considerable ground by it, particularly Minstrel, who was pulled up altogether. Duckie took advantage of this, pushed forward and passed them, and was never caught afterwards, coming in ahead some three lengths.

3d heat.—Lorenzo went away with the lead to the turn, when Minstrel took up the running at an improved speed, Duckie trailing in the rear. In this way they ran till they entered in the quarter-stretch of the third mile; here Lorenzo had a spin with Minstrel, and on coming to the stand they were both together; Duckie at the same time began to creep up, and so they ran to the first turn, where Minstrel made a stumble, but immediately recovered herself, and made another dash at the horse, and by dint of whip and spur kept well up till about half way down the last stretch home, when she fell back. Duckie, who was close up, now went at and collared him; they ran head and head, and on coming to the stand it was decided that Lorenzo had won by a throatlatch; Minstrel ruled out.

4th heat.—Both got off together; Lorenzo drew clear after running a few yards, and maintained the lead to the end, winning by about five lengths, although the filly did not flinch one iota—she is one of the gamest little animals ever beheld. Peter Gatewood was taken with the cramp, and died half an hour after he left the course. He was a fine looking and very promising colt, and his death is much to be lamented. 'Tis but justice to remark, that Davy Crockett split his hoof, which was, no doubt, the cause of his being distanced.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7—Ladies Purse $200, ent. $20, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Chas. Buford's b. f. *Ripple*, by Medoc, out of Belle Anderson by Sir William, 3 yrs	1 1
A. A. Wadsworth's (W. S. Buford's) br. f. *Arabella*, by Collier, dam by Young Gallatin, 3 yrs	2 2
Dr. J. M. Duke's (L. K. Grigsby's) ro. f. *Rowena*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	3 3

Time, 1:55—1:57.

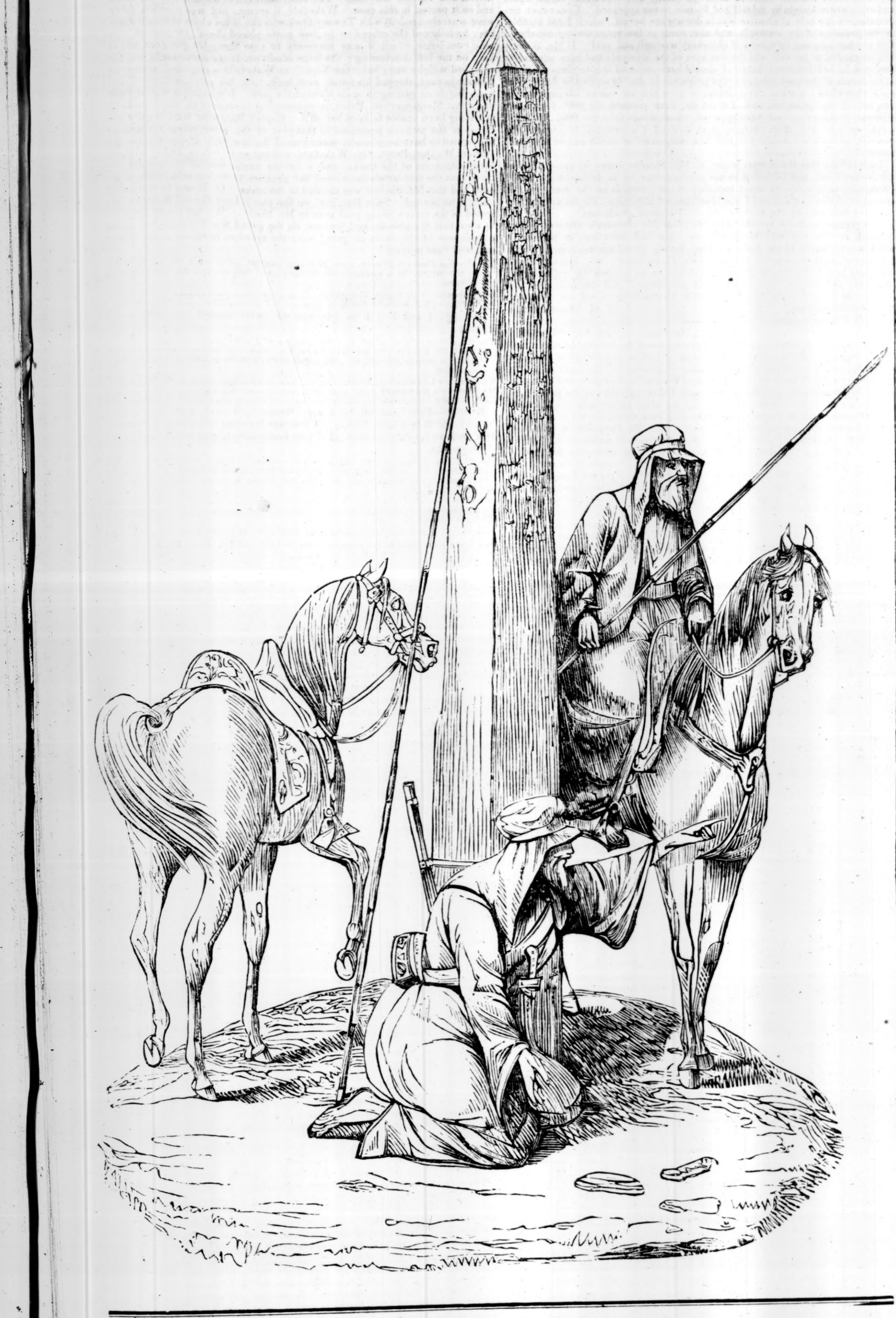
Betting—Ripple 2 to 1 vs. the field. On gathering at the start they all became very restive, and caused two false starts before they could get away; at the third attempt, however, they got off, Rowena taking the lead, and making strong play for two or three hundred yards, when Arabella went up, and at the same time Ripple came forward; they all made a simultaneous rush, and a beautiful race ensued on the backside, but on coming to the last quarter Rowena retired to the rear, and left the other two to fight it out; it was a punishing race at the finish. Ripple won by a neck only.

2d heat.—Ripple won it very handily by about a length.

Strange Disease In Horses.—Mr. Isaac Wetherell of Mannington, N. J., lately lost four valuable horses within two weeks, from a disease unknown to horsemen there. The symptoms were sudden prostration, immediately followed by spasms of the limbs. Yet each horse would eat until death.—*Baltimore Post.*

THE GOODWOOD CUP (OR PLATE) VALUE THREE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

Engraved for the "New York Spirit of the Times," from "Bell's Life in London."



DESCRIPTION OF THE CUP.

The above sketch affords a pretty accurate idea of the splendid piece of plate so cleverly won by Harkaway, at Goodwood, on Thursday. The manufacturers are Messrs. Garrard, of Panton street, whose works of the same character we have, of late, had so many opportunities of noticing with deserved, recommendation. The design and modelling are by Cotterell, a gentleman whose talent in this branch of the art has been long acknowledged; and his object has been, while aiming at novelty, to embody in his subject something in which "the horse" should form a prominent feature—the merits of that noble animal constituting the title to so splendid a prize. In carrying out his views he has been most successful; and it will be seen that two Arabian chargers, in their native desert, constitute the principal figures in the group; and in the execution in silver from the original model, the manufacturers have sustained their high reputation, preserving, with extraordinary fidelity, the beautiful symmetry of the animals, and, with an anatomical accuracy perfectly faultless, portraying their most minute developements of grace and muscle. The group, it will be seen, is assembled at the base of an obelisk, covered with hierogliphic characters denoting the proximity of water to the travellers in the desert. Two Bedouin Arabs and their coursers have just reached this locality. One has dismounted, and, after having examined the impression of footsteps, visible in the sands, points to the direction in which the wayfarers have gone. And here it s meant to illustrate the extraordinary sagacity with which these wanderers of he desert can discover, from the marks which are thus implanted, not only the course taken, but the character and numbers of those of whom they are in pursuit. The natural expression of inquiry and communication preserved in these figures is admirable, while their costume and general appointments are most accurate, well justifying the high encomiums which the whole work received, not only from the brilliant circle assembled at the mansion of the Duke of Richmond, but from the assembled multitude in the Grand Stand on Thursday, where it was displayed for public observation. To the whole of the artists whose skill has been devoted to perfecting the work, the highest meed of praise is due. Whether Mr. Ferguson, who has thus for the second time carried off "The Goodwood Cup," will, as in a former year, convert it into specie, and thus afford a second opportunity for competition, remains to be seen. Should this be the case, it will be a prize well worthy of contest on the most celebrated race course in the kingdom.

THE EWER.—There was a second plate prize, which was run for on Friday in the form of an Ewer, the gift of Sir J. Gerrard, Bart, one of the stewards. This exquisite specimen of the arts is also from the manufactory of Messrs. Garrard. It is in the Elizabethan style, and from a design by Mr. Sibson, an artist who for many years has been in Messrs. Garrard's employment. The execution is highly chaste, and the form and design particularly elegant, affording no small gratification to the fortunate winner. Both the Messrs. Garrard were on the spot, and gave every information respecting the works, regarding which they received the most flattering compliments.

Presuming that that which interests us, must interest our readers, we have given place to a full report of the difference to which the recent race for the Goodwood Cup has given occasion. In the following narrative, the character of Mr. FERGUSON does not appear to us to suffer as it has done on previous occasions, and we think we can discover in the English journals a disposition to excuse some of his past misdeeds. Yet we have no idea that the man can stand acquitted of very gross misconduct in several instances. It is happy for us that our own racing system has never been so disgraced by unpleasant controversies as has the English in the two years just passed.

HARKAWAY, MR. SOMERS, AND MR. FERGUSON.

[From Bell's Life in London.]

An "advertisement," in the form of a letter, which appeared in "The Morning Post" on Monday last, bearing the signature of "John P. Somers," and having reference to a portion of our account of the race for the Goodwood Cup, renders it necessary that we should again recur to the subject; and, lest there should be any mistake as to what we really did say, upon which the letter in question is a commentary, with great deference we venture to repeat it *verbatim et literatim*:—

"The race for 'The Cup or Plate' was, of course, the prominent feature of conversation, as well as of speculation. The '*fame*' which Mr. Ferguson has unfortunately obtained led to all sorts of surmises, among the foremost of which in the morning was that Harkaway was not to start!—a report which gained ground, from the positive manner in which it was stated that on the previous night it was publicly declared at the Swan, at Chichester, that Mr. Ferguson had made up his mind not to start his horse unless the betting fraternity, who were to profit by his winning, would bet him 1500 to 500, or 3 to 1 against him. We were not disposed to credit this preposterous statement, till we were informed that one gentleman had actually complied with the demand, by betting Mr. Ferguson £600 to £200 as a portion of his 'pound of flesh,' and that there was no doubt the rest would be made up. It turned out, however, that this was a mere *ruse* to enable certain persons to 'get on' at a good figure; and Mr. Flintoff, the trainer of Harkaway, openly declared in the weighing-room that neither he nor Mr. Ferguson had the slightest knowledge of such a proposition, never having varied from their intention to 'start and win,' if they could, thereby intimating that 'the devil was not quite so black as some folks would have painted him.' This declaration produced a strange revulsion in the minds of those who had been slyly edging to their bets, but the deed was done, and they became the victims of their not very unnatural credulity. The gentleman (Mr. Wakefield) who had been induced to lay the £600 to £200 by the fraudulent representations alluded to, was determined not to submit to so glaring a deception, and resolved to appeal to the Stewards for their decision as to whether, under the circumstances, he was not entitled to declare the bet off! The Stewards politely complied with his desire to hear and decide on the case, which in substance was this:—While at the Swan, at Chichester, on the preceding night, M'Donough, the Irish jockey, boldly entered the room, and declared that he was instructed by Mr. Somers, another Irish '*gentleman*,' who had the management of Harkaway, to state that Mr. Ferguson had determined not to start his horse unless the public laid him £1500 to £500. Mr. Wakefield, who was present, foreseeing the effects which such a determination would have on the betting, and the serious consequences which would follow to himself, as he was a backer of the horse, was at last induced to fall into the snare, and by way of example, laid M'Donough, for Mr. Somers, £600 to £200. In front of the Stand, on discovering the deception, he declared his intention to appeal to the Stewards, and sent forth a summons for Mr. Somers to attend, but 'spirits,' and especial *potheen*, or 'Irish spirits,' could not be summoned from 'the vasty deep,' and the double *deep* Mr. Somers (if M'Donough did not speak without his book) was no where to be found. The Stewards, on hearing the case, in the absence of Mr. Somers and M'Donough, gave it as their opinion that the bet was extracted under the cloak of deception, and, therefore, that Mr. Wakefield was entitled to declare it off, a declaration which he forthwith openly made in the ring, and scratched the bet out of his book accordingly. It is not a little unfortunate that Mr. Ferguson should have placed himself in a position to justify a ready adoption of suspicion, and, but for this fact, we have no doubt that many who were disposed to have backed his horse would have been large winners. Mr. Ferguson, we believe, did not himself show on the stand during the day, and from what we have heard, is not himself any great winner by the race. We are, perhaps, here justified in saying that if Mr. Somers was no party to the trick played by M'Donough, he is bound to make a declaration of the fact, as his name has been left under a stigma, from which every honorable man would be anxious to relieve himself, notwithstanding the precedent of Elis's year. We have simply stated the facts as they were described under our own observation."

Having looked on "this picture," we pray our readers to "look on that" which follows, which, as with our own account, we extract *literally*. We should be sorry to deprive Mr. Somers of the full benefit of his own statement, and we hold that "tit for tat" is fair play. Mr. Somers thus expresses himself:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

"SIR—In the article upon the Goodwood Races, which appeared in *Bell's Life in London* of this day, there is a very long and still more scurrilous attack upon several persons, of whom I am one. Every statement therein put forward is either directly false, or else so discoloured with reference to simple facts as to be substantially untrue. I do not at present feel it necessary to enter into a detailed exposure of these falsehoods and misstatements. This I shall do at a more convenient time, and before a tribunal which can punish the slanderer, as well as exculpate the men who are so unwarrantably and infamously assailed. I now content myself with addressing a preliminary vindication to the court of public opinion, and it shall be simply in the form of stating naked facts, without condescending to deal with passages which constitute that which must appear to every well ordered mind, even in the person of a stranger, a vile and vulgar tirade.

"Mr. Ferguson is a gentleman whose birth gave him a high station in Irish society, and with whom I have been for many years intimately acquainted. Of late I found that he was accused with the utmost liberality of censure by a certain portion of the press. I observed (it is true) that he never thought fit to reply to these attacks, and it is not for me to say that in this he did not exercise a wise discretion. Be this, however, as it may, I also saw that the persons who thought proper to assail him never ventured to urge their charges to a trial, much less to establish a proof; and it is not too much to suppose that they have been emboldened to continue their invectives up to this moment by his silence and their own impurity. But I, Sir, am not one of those who condemn a man unheard, or shrink from an acquaintance because he has been attacked by a nest of hornets.

"On my arrival at Goodwood on Wednesday last I learned from Mr. Ferguson that he had not a single bet upon his horse beyond his having £28 to £4 against his horse winning the Cheltenham and Goodwood Cups. I also ascertained that other parties had backed Harkaway heavily [for the first time, we presume]. I then suggested to Mr. Ferguson the propriety of claiming some share in the betting, as had been done on former occasions by persons of high authority on the turf. I will not conceal that at the same time I informed him, that while he had nothing to win beyond the mere stakes, *I stood heavily to lose on the success of his horse.* He at once acceded to my proposition, and empowered me to act for him, and authorised me to put forth, that if from backers of his horse in the ring *we* did not get the odds at the £3 to £1 to £500, *he would prefer withdrawing his horse to sacrificing his friend for the benefit of betters by profession.*

"I authorised Mr. M'Donough to make this statement, and in consequence two were given, one by a gentleman, Mr. Stanley, £150 to £50; the other, £600 to £200, by the '*gentleman*' of *Bell's Life in London*, Mr. Wakefield, who next day saw fit to again fix me (and I have little doubt himself) to the bet, by asking me if I would abide it as play or pay, in presence of a friend.

"I have only to add, that when Mr Wakefield saw the horses on the ground, and Harkaway backed at even against the field, he then tried to declare off. I appealed to the stewards and sought an investigation. They referred it to the Jockey Club, for whose decision it now remains.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN P. SOMERS.

"St. James's Royal Hotel, St. James's street, Aug. 4, 1839."

Now, without meaning offence, we would just ask any of our impartial readers whether there is any essential difference in the representation of Mr. Somers and our report? Mr. Somers, in fact, admits the whole gist of our statement, which, whatever may have been the precedent under which he has acted, we are of opinion would have been "more honored in the breach than in the observance."—We ought to confess, however, that Mr. Somers relieves Mr. McDonough, the Irish jockey, from any participation in the transaction, except under his directions. To what does Mr. Somers's explanation amount? That, for reasons, sufficient, no doubt, he had betted heavily against *Harkaway*, the horse of his friend, Mr. Ferguson (decidedly the best in this country). That he was not singular in this respect it is not necessary we should state, and perchance he and those who pursued a similar course were influenced by the same feelings. Probably believing or imagining that the Duke of Richmond would not permit the horse to start, or that some other contingency might arise which would prevent his appearance at Goodwood. Do not let it be inferred that we mean to insinuate there is anything unusual in this—nothing is more common in Turf transactions. But with the perfect knowledge, as far as the Duke of Richmond was concerned (for it was so publicly stated in our paper on the highest authority,) that there was no impediment to the horse starting for the

Cup, on the very eve of starting, Mr. Somers tells his friend Mr. Ferguson "that he stood heavily to lose on the success of his horse." He suddenly finds that none of the contingencies which he had anticipated were likely to occur, and that therefore he was "in the wrong box." Did he doubt now any more than he did before that the horse could win if fairly started with that intention? Certainly not; and he found that other persons agreed with him, and had actually backed him freely. Why had not Mr. Somers, from his intimacy with Mr. Ferguson, followed the same example? Why should he abandon an honest horse because Mr. Ferguson "had been attacked by a nest of hornets;" and why should he have less confidence than "*betters by profession?*" For the soul of us we canot imagine; but we have no doubt Mr. Somers had abundant reasons for what he was doing, and such as will admit of a very easy explanation. Whatever the motives, we have the issue. He comes to Mr. Ferguson on the Wednesday, finds the horse in excellent trim, ready to start, and sure to win; and he then suggests to Mr. Ferguson "the propriety of claiming some share in the betting, as had been done on former occasions by persons of high authority on the turf; *not concealing, at the same time, from Mr. Ferguson, that while he (Mr. F.) had nothing to win beyond the mere stakes,* HE *(Mr. S.) stood heavily to lose on the success of his horse.*" This was an appeal which Mr. F. could not withstand—and therefore he "acceded to his (Mr. S.'s) proposition, and empowered him to act for him (Mr. F.); and authorized him to put forth, that if from backers of his horse in the ring they (Mr. F. and Mr. S., of course) did not get the odds at £3 to £1 to £500, he would prefer withdrawing his horse to sacrificing his friend for the benefit of "betters by profession;" in other words, that rather than sacrifice his friend Mr. Somers, who had laid money against his horse, Mr. Ferguson deliberately determined to commit an act which would have exposed him to a degree of obloquy and odium at least as great as has ever been attempted to be thrown upon him by the best armed hornet in existence. That Mr. Ferguson ever contemplated such an act till he saw Mr. Somers, seems unlikely, and we have Mr. Flintoff's confirmation of the fact publicly uttered in our own hearing. That he lent himself to Mr. Somers's views we will not gainsay, for we have been told such was the fact; but we would ask any fair betting man, whether by "profession" or "practice," and it is difficult to draw distinctions, whether this was an equitable mode of getting out of a difficulty? We will not say here whether there is any parallel between this case and that of *Elis;* but, even if there be, will any man say two such negatives make an affirmative? We are unwilling to say more on this subject—we have no desire to probe into the motives and influences of the betting circles—their calculations are sometimes beyond our ken—but if that which Mr Somers has described was not a *ruse to get on* and *get off* at the same time, then we must submit with a good grace to the language which he has applied to our report. While we stand up for the view which we took of the affair, and which we repeat in our opinion is sustained by Mr. Somers's own letter, let us explain other matters which may expose us to the charge of misrepresentation; and let it be recollected we only professed to state "what passed under our own observation." The first explanation we heard on the subject was from Mr. Wakefield himself, who openly declared "that he had been to the Stewards, and, having represented the case to them (in the absence of Mr. Somers, whom he could not find, although he repeatedly called for him), those gentlemen had given it as their opinion that he was entitled to declare the bet off;" and we saw him enter the ring, heard him state his authority, and declare the bet off accordingly. This was no falsehood or invention of ours, therefore; nor did we set down aught in malice or disrepect towards Mr. Somers, of whom we protest we had no personal knowledge. Neither was the word "*deception,*" as applied to the affair, a word of our coining, for it was in the mouths of hundreds. Mr. Somers, however, now informs us, that the Stewards have *not* given a positive decision on the bets, but have referred the parties to the Jockey Club, and before this tribunal Mr. Somers has summoned Mr. Wakefield, who persists in refusing to pay his bet. Whether the Jockey Club will justify the course pursued by Mr. Somers in getting his bets through Mr. M'Donough remains to be seen. In the interim, Mr. Somers has addressed himself to "the court of public opinion," and to that court we are quite willing to leave the case, as far as we are concerned, only assuring Mr. Somers we neither had nor have any prejudice towards him. In the discharge of our duty we feel that we are responsible to our readers generally; and, as we have more than once said, the distinctions of title, in an abstract question of right and wrong, have no weight with us. We neither "boo nor scrape" to hereditary rank or station, and high or low, rich or poor, we shall be equally ready, where occasion justifies, to censure or applaud. "Fair play" is our motto, and, if proved to be in error, we should despise ourselves did we not feel it to be our duty to acknowledge that error and make every reparation in our power; but if conscious that we are right, then would our enemies, if we have any, equally despise us for sacrificing our honest conviction to personal apprehension. We may perhaps have been wrong in placing Mr. M'Donough and Mr. Somers as "gentlemen" in juxtaposition, the former being only "a gentleman" jockey, although he has a brother an officer in the army; and for this, now that we know Mr. Somers's station as an M. P., we beg to apologize, and at the same time unequivocally say to Mr. S., individually, we meant him no personal offence. With regard to Mr. Ferguson perhaps he will forgive us if we sincerely recommend that he may hereafter justify the good opinion of his friend Somers—act from the *honest* impulses of his own mind, and avoid those counsellers who, perhaps experience may have shown him, have not at all times had *his* interest at heart, however anxious they may have been to promote their own.

With regard to the "Elis" transaction—at the time it took place it was the subject of very strong observations, and it was much questioned whether the noble proprietor of the horse was fairly justified in taking the course that he did, that of exacting 12 to 1 from the "betters by profession," the odds in the market being but 6 to 1, before he would agree to take him to Doncaster. Here, however, was the actual proprietor of the horse not yet at the scene of action, who, finding that the horse he had bred was likely to realize for others who took no part in the expences of training, travelling, &c., large sums, and who by their speculations had shut him out from "getting on" upon terms equally eligible, gives fair notice that unless he is allowed to participate in the advantages which his horse is to secure he will not send him to Doncaster. Of the *morale* of this proceeding we say nothing, nor was it seriously opposed at the time; but in the case of Harkaway the compact was totally differen', for the horse was actually on the spot, and, as far as the proprietor was concerned, ready to start, when a gentleman, who had largely bet against him, and had no control over him, exercises his influence with the proprietor to relieve himself from the consequences of his own want of confidence, and extracts from him a permission to go into the market, and under a threat, which he ackrowledges, to obtain from other betting men bets which it is admitted are far beyond the fair market price. On this proceeding we must leave the sporting world to judge; and it will be for the Jockey Club, on hearing the whole of the evidence, to say, as "a court of honor," for in that capacity they act, whether the transaction was such as they will sanction. To the result of their decision the sporting circles will anxiously look; and we shall not here anticipate the consequences with which the decision in favor of Mr. Somers and Mr. Ferguson must be pregnant.

At Tattersall's, on Monday, Mr. Somers demanded his bet from Mr. Wakefield, which the latter refused to pay; and it is due to Mr. Somers to state, that on Mr. Stanley offering to pay the £150 which he had lost to him, he (Mr. Somers) honorably declined receiving it till the whole question was settled; still persisting in his personal conviction that he had not done anything inconsistent with usage, and at the same time that he was only desirous of serving Mr. Ferguson, and edging to his own heavy liabilities with men, who it was known were to be large gainers by the horse against which they had taken heavy odds, and against which Mr. Somers had betted heavily.

We annex the remainder of the correspondence, although it is omitted in Bell's Life.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR—As you have been pleased to insert in your paper of the 5th inst. a letter signed "J. P. Somers," containing reflections on me, I think, in common fairness, you should give insertion to the enclosed reply in your paper of to-morrow if possible.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

No. 5, Fitzroy-square, Aug. 16, 1839. T. H. WAKEFIELD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

Sir—I have abstained from replying to the letter which appeared in your paper of the 5th inst., signed "John P. Somers," until I could prove, by sufficient evidence, that the greater part of the "statement therein put forward is either directly false, ore else so discoloured, with reference to simple facts, as to be substantially untrue." The following plain and simple facts, corroborated and confirmed by the subjoined testimony, will, I trust, satisfactorily rebut him in the court of public opinion, to which he has appealed for the vindication of his character:—

On the evening previous to the race for the cup, Mr. M'Donough having, to the great surprise and indignation of the party assembled at the Swan in Chichester, publicly stated that Mr. Ferguson had given up to Mr. Somers the sole control of his horse Harkaway, and that he was authorised by the latter to declare that the horse would not start unless bets to the amount of 1,500*l.* to 500*l.* were laid against him before ten o'clock the same evening, I was induced upon the faith of such representation, and with a view to save part of the money which I should otherwise lose, to bet 600*l.* to 200*l.*, being a large proportion of the required sum; and it is quite true that on meeting Mr. Somers on the course the next morning I acknowledged having done so. But it soon afterwards appearing that I had been grossly imposed upon, inasmuch as Mr. Ferguson distinctly disavowed having given up the control of his horse, or having authorised Mr. Somers or Mr. M'Donough to make the declaration in question, I went to Mr. Somers and accused him of unfair co duct towards me, at the same time requesting him to accompany me to the stewards, in order that they might hear my charge and his explanation, if he had any to give, and adjudicate between us. This he declined doing, and I consequently, in company with a friend to whom Mr. Ferguson had made the disavowal, sought those gentlemen, who immediately, with the utmost courtesy and kindness, which I beg gratefully to acknowledge, descended from the stand to the terrace, and listened to my complaint; but Mr. Somers, although loudly and repeatedly called upon, and everywhere sought by myself and friends, never appeared. Under such circumstances my only alternative was to declare the bet off, which I did audibly, in the presence of the stewards, and afterwards in the ring, feeling convinced that any bet obtained by means of chicanery was null and void. If Mr. Somers had responded to my call, and the decision of the stewards had been adverse to him, and he had demurred thereto, I should have required him to place his stake in the hands of the stewards, as I was prepared to do, to abide the decision of the Jockey Club; but his non-appearance gave him an undue advantage over me, for, if the horse had lost, I could not have claimed the 200*l.* from him; whereas, in the event that has happened, he demands from me 600*l.*, which I refuse to pay, and shall continue so to do until it is awarded to him by that tribunal, where I am ready to meet him whenever he thinks proper to appeal thereto.

I am certain that the matter is not, as Mr. Somers states, at present before the Jockey Club, and I doubt if he has any intention so to deal with it; and I am equally certain that he never appealed to the stewards on the race ground, or sought an explanation, and I shall continue sceptical upon the latter point until it is established by the evidence of either of those gentlemen.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to advert to Mr. Somers's motives for his conduct, as they are sufficiently obvious. He had, doubtless, as he asserts, stood to lose heavily by the horse winning, having betted against him, upon the full conviction that—which I will not here characterise; but, finding himself mistaken, at the eleventh hour he had recourse to an artifice for reducing his loss, very unbecoming an "honourable gentleman," and certainly one that no "better by profession" would be guilty of resorting to.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, T. H. WAKEFIELD.

No. 5, Fitzroy-square.

Duke-street, Manchester-square, Aug. 14, 1839.

Sir.—According to your wish for the particulars of the bet made between Mr. M'Donough and myself, whether Mr. Ferguson had or had not given authority to Mr. Somers to make the declaration about Harkaway for the Goodwood Cup, and which had been done on the preceding (Wednesday) evening at Chichester by Mr. M'Donough on behalf of Mr. Somers, I here forward you the particulars, and you are at liberty to make such use of my letter as you may think proper. Our bet arose in consequence of my expressing very strong doubts as to the fact of Mr. Somers ever having had any authority from Mr. Ferguson to make such a monstrous declaration. Mr. M'Donough, I suppose, in order to further his object in carrying on the deception of making the public believe the declaration, offered to bet £20, and put the money down, that Mr. Somers had such authority, to be decided by Mr. Ferguson's own statement. This bet I readily took, and forthwith staked the money, thereby holding Mr. M'Donough to the bet, Mr. M'Donough at the same time stating, that if he lost, Mr. Somers would have to pay it.

On my arrival at the course I applied to Mr. Cowin to accompany me as a witness to some questions I wished to put to Mr. Ferguson, the owner of Harkaway, in order to decide the bet I had laid with Mr. M'Donough. On our meeting with that gentleman, and my apologising to him for the liberty I was about to take, I proceeded to state to him the declaration which had been made at the public room, the Swan, in Chichester, the night before, by Mr. M'Donough, on the part of Mr. Somers, and under the supposed sanction of Mr. Ferguson. I then asked Mr. Ferguson if he had authorised Mr. Somers to make the following statement, viz.:—"That Mr. Ferguson had given up to Mr. Somers the sole management and control of his horse (Harkaway) for that (the Cup) day, and unless the public would lay Mr. Somers £1500 to £500 the horse (Harkaway) would not be allowed to start for the Cup race." Mr. Ferguson, in answer, stated at once most distinctly that he had *never given any such authority* either to Mr. Somers or anybody else; and ended by stating no person but himself had any control whatever over his horse (Harkaway). After the interview with Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Cowin accompanied me to the stakeholder (of the bet between Mr. M'Donough and myself), who informed both Mr. M'Donough and Mr. Somers of the result of the interview with Mr. Ferguson, and both Mr. M'Donough and Mr. Somers consented to the money being given up to me, which was immediately done. You may rely upon the above being a correct statement of the whole transaction. Yours, &c. J. GAPP.

To Mr. T. Wakefield.

London, August 12, 1839.

Sir,—In compliance with your request, I forward you a statement of what took place at the interview with Mr. Ferguson. On the morning of Thursday (the Cup day), while on the course at Goodwood, I was requested by Mr. Gapp to accompany him as a witness to some questions he wished to put to Mr. Ferguson respecting his horse Harkaway. On our meeting with that gentleman Mr. Gapp at once stated to him the declaration made on the preceding evening at the public room at the Swan, at Chichester, by Mr. M'Donough, on the part of Mr. Somers, to the effect "that he, Mr. Somers, having from Mr. Ferguson the entire control of Harkaway, would not allow him to start for the Cup unless certain bets were laid." Mr. Gapp then asked him if he had given up the control of Harkaway, or authorised him, Mr. Somers, to make that declaration? Mr Ferguson immediately replied, "that he had not given Mr. Somers, or any other person, any control of his horse, or given him, Mr. Somers, any authority to make any such declaration, or to take any bet for him about his horse;" and added that "neither Mr. Somers nor anybody else has any business with my horse." Mr. Gapp then, pointing to me, stated, "I have brought this gentleman as a witness;" when Mr. Ferguson repeated the statement he had before made. The above is, I believe, a correct account of what took place, which I am satisfied can be borne out by a person who Mr. Gapp informed me was Mr. Thomas Flintoff, the trainer of Harkaway, who was also present.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, R. W. COWIN.

To Mr. T. Wakefield, Post-office, Wolverhampton.

Hedgeford, August 13.

Sir,—I have read the letter of Mr. Cowin respecting Mr. Ferguson not giving Mr. Somers any authority, and can bear witness that he told both Mr. Gapp and Mr. Cowin, in my presence, that he never gave Mr. Somers any authority whatever to make a declaration about Harkaway. I remain, Sir, yours,

THOMAS FLINTOFF,

To Mr. Wakefield. (Harkaway's Trainer.)

BRIGHTON RACES.

Two years ago the Brighton races were at their last gasp, so prejudicial has been the effect of the boon conferred on the town by the reform bill; here, as at Cheltenham, Bath, and other watering places cursed with this privilege, party feeling became so rancorous, that the exertions of those who undertook the collection of the racing-fund were rendered unavailing—no money was forthcoming, at least, for the time, and the Stewards were unable to keep faith with the public. Since then, several influential residents have put their shoulders to the wheel: a Club has been formed of which several of the principal supporters of the turf are members, and racing affairs have taken a turn for the better. Nevertheless, there is still something wanting: money is no longer scarce, but horses are; and the liberal intentions of the Club, as the Plate entries will show, have, in a great measure, been frustrated. In the hope that they will be better appreciated next year, we will proceed to record the proceedings of the meeting.

WEDNESDAY.

The racing of this afternoon was productive of another of those "untoward events" which have been so common this year: six horses started for the Brighton Stakes—one fell at a post which was left on the wrong side by four others, while the sixth and worst of all got the stakes! The mistake arose, we fancy, from some alteration in the course not having been described with sufficient clearness to the jockeys; particulars of the occurrence will be found in the proper place. Of the sport we cannot speak in favourable terms; the plates filled wretchedly; the two year olds were badly matched; the principal race was poorly contested; and the weather was precisely the same kind that we described in our return of Wednesday in the Goodwood meeting—an incessant rain, with a strong wind, and a mist so thick that at some parts of the day it was impossible to distinguish objects at fifty yards distance. The company, it will readily be conceived, was meagre alike in number and rank, and the Stand but indifferently tenanted. Many, unwilling longer to brave the combined attacks of wind and water, quitted the scene of action after the two year old stakes; of this class the writer was one, which will account for the absence of details in the return of the plate races; in fact, they were of so insignificant a character as to render them unnecessary. The following is a list of the events:—

The *Brighton Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft, and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added by the town; the winner of the Goodwood, Hampshire, Somersetshire, or Cheltenham Stakes, to have carried 7lb, of two 14lb extra; the New Course; 34 subs, of whom 21 declared, &c.

Mr. Shelley's *Tawney Owl*, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb	Wakefield	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Ratsbane, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb	W. Day	0
Lord Jersey's Joannina, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb	E. Edwards	0
Mr. Balchin's Slang, aged, 8st	Balchin	0
Mr. V. King's Ruby, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb	Sly	0
Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	Pettit	fell

Betting.—5 to 4 against Merganser, 3 to 1 against Ratsbane, and 5 to 1 agst. Ruby. Ratsbane made all the running, followed by Ruby, Merganser lying third till she reached a post about three quarters of a mile from home, against which she ran with such violence as to force it down, and throw herself on her head and knees; having by this accident dislodged her jock, she recovered her footing and ran up the course, but in so doing drove Joannina and Slang considerably out of their line. Pettit was much shaken by the fall. This was the only change in the order of running, as Ratsbane continued his lead to the finish, and won in a canter by three lengths; Ruby second, Joannina third, Slang fourth, and Tawney Owl fifth. The race, however, is not always to the swift, and so it proved in this case. Wakefield, it seems, had wrong orders (they were scarcely needed) with Tawney Owl, who ran in his clothes and with winkers; he followed the other five to two posts placed about three quarters of a mile from home, which it was necessary to pass through on going out, and to keep on the left in returning; the latter condition, as stated afterwards, was not complied with by any; but "the Vicar," as Wakefield is designated, seeing the mistake in time, stopped his horse, went back, took his course as directed, and immediately on getting to scale claimed the race. It was against one of these posts that Merganser ran, Pettit, in endeavoring to steer her on the outside of it, having been unable to keep her off it. Captain Rous, after receiving the evidence of the jockeys, proceeded to that part of the course where the mistake was stated to have been made, accompanied by the Clerk of the Course, the starter, W. Day, Pettit, Sly, Wakefield, and one or two others, and after a personal inspection of the tracks, and a further examination of the jockeys, decided that the four horses mentioned had gone on the wrong side of the upper post, and that Mr. Shelley was entitled to the stake. Of course by this award there is no second. John Day, jun., on the part of Lord George Bentinck, objected to the stakes being paid over to Mr. Shelley. We had nearly forgotten to state that Sly also claimed the race, on the ground that Ratsbane had passed outside one of the posts in going out; the objection, however, as the Scotch say, was "not proven."

The *Pavilion Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for two year old colts 8st. 7lb, and fillies 8st. 5lb.; the winner of a sweepstakes to carry 5lb of two or more 9lb. extra; T.Y.C.; four subs.

Lord Albemarle's ch. f. *Iris*, (5lb extra)	E. Edwards	1
Mr. Shelley's ch. f. Adah, by Rubini or Cain	Wakefield	2

Betting. 4 and 5 to 1 on Iris, who was never headed, and won by ten lengths.

The *Town Plate* of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; 3 year olds 7st. 7lb, four 8st. 7lb, five 8st. 13lb, six and aged 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 250, &c.; the second horse to receive £10; mile heats; three subscribers.

Mr. Balchin's Launchaway, 4 yrs	Wakefield	1	1
Mr Hornsby's Romania, 4 yrs	Owner	2	2
Capt. Pettat's Caliph, aged	Chapple	3	dr

Betting.—First heat: 6 to 4 agst. Romania, 5 to 2 agst. Launchaway (taken), and 3 to 1 agst. Caliph. A fine race between the first two, and won by a neck only.—Second heat: 2 to 1 on Launchaway, who won in a canter by three lengths.

The *Tradesmen's Plate* of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; 3 year olds 7st. 4lb, four 8st 4lb, five 8st. 10lb, six and aged 8st 12lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the second horse to save his stake, and the winner to be sold for 150, &c.; heats, T.Y.C.; three subs.

Capt. Pettat's *Caliph*, aged	Chapple	1	1
Mr. Shelley's Olio, 4 yrs	Wakefield	3	2
Mr. Monk's Nominee, 3 yrs	A lad	2	dr

Betting: Even on Caliph before the first heat, and 2 to 1 on him after. The two heats were won in the same manner as those for the Town Plate.

THURSDAY.

As at Goodwood the Cup day was favored with fine weather and a brilliant company; the similarity stops here, for the sport was of a very indifferent character; indeed, had it not been for a handicap got up by the officers of the 12th Lancers, and the accidental discovery that a plate had been omitted in the cards, there would have been one race only! The principal event was the Cup—"*Her Majesty's!*"—such a trumpery article we never saw exhibited; it is literally a *plate* of uncommonly small dimensions, in which an utter want of taste is discernible; its value was carefully left out of the card, or, under an impression that it was of the same nominal worth as of old (100gs.), we should have been disposed to inquire the name of the silversmith. Surely it cannot be an old friend with a new face.—Besides other fashionables present this afternoon, we noticed Lords Waldegrave, John Fitzroy, Villiers Andover, Hon. Captain Rous, Hon. A. Villiers, Hon. Charles Forester, Hon. — Woodhouse, Hon. Mr. Petre, Sir R. Falkiner, Captain Williamson, Messrs. Shelley, Irby, Worrall, Dolphin, Willan, Stonehewer, &c.—The following are returns of the sport:—

"*Her Majesty's Gold Cup*," value —, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; 3 year olds 7st. 7lb, four 8st. 12lb, five 9st. 5lb, six and aged 9st. 8lb.; all other terms relating to the weights the same as for the Goodwood Cup, the winner of which would have had to carry 7lb extra; the Old Course; 7 subs.

Mr. V. King's *Ruby*, 5 yrs, 9st 5lb	Sly	1
Sir G. Heathcote's Carolina, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb	Chapple	2
Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb	Pettit	3
Mr. Theobald's b. g. The Major, by Camel, out of Lodoiska, by Sir Roger, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb	Wakefield	4

Betting.—Even on Carolina, 6 to 4 against Merganser, 8 to 1 against Ruby, and 8 to 1 against The Major. To vindicate the judgment of her friends, and maintain the reputation she had acquired by running second to Deception for the Oaks, Carolina went away with the lead, Merganser following her, Ruby third, and The Major fourth. On reaching the last turn, it came out either that the Oaks was a mistake, or that Carolina had trained off, for Ruby ran by her, made play to the end, and won in a canter by six lengths! It was a near thing between second and third, but not between third and fourth, The Major never having quitted the rear.

A *Handicap Sweepstakes* of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft, for horses bona fide the property of officers of the 12th Lancers; heats, T.Y.C.; six subs.

Mr. Clifton's *Banker*, 11st 6lb	Mr. De Grey	1	1	
Mr. Monro's Confederate, 11st 6lb	Owner	2	2	
Mr. Delavel Grey's Kate, 10st 6lb	Mr. Forester	4	3	
Mr. Willan's Rasper, 12st 12lb	Mr. Willan	3	4	

Won easy. Rasper was the favorite.

A *Plate* of £50, added to a subscription of 3 sovs. each; three year olds 7st 4lb; four 8st 4lb, five 8st 10lb, six and aged 8st 12lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 150, and the second to save his stake; heats, three quarters of a mile; three subs.

Capt. Pettat's *Caliph*, aged	Chapple	1	1
Mr. Shelley's Olio, 4 yrs	Wakefield	3	2
Mr. Armstrong's Abelard (bro to Heloise), by Theodore, out of Penance, 3 yrs	Rogers	2	dr

Caliph was the favorite, and won both heats easy. Abelard bolted in the last heat.

No race for the £100 Plate.

FRIDAY.

The races terminated this afternoon, with a fair share of sport, for no small portion of which the visitors were indebted to the officers of the 12th Lancers, who very kindly matched their horses rather than any disappointment should be felt. Of the meeting itself we cannot speak so favorably as we could wish: the legitimate part of it was sadly deficient in interest, and still more so in quantity; nor can we praise the management: the Stewards and their friends certainly did all within their power to provide for the comfort and amusement of the public, but their endeavors were badly seconded by their subordinates; a change in this department is indispensable to the success of the races; the cards, too, are the worst ever printed—weights and ages, it seems, are not considered necessary here: we recommend the party who had the job to take a lesson of Mr. Mason, of Chichester, who will show them how things are managed at Goodwood. Want of space prevents a more extended notice of these blemishes, but we cannot close without suggesting that the meeting should in future be limited to two days, and that some alteration should be made in the conditions of the plates. The afternoon racing, however amusing to the spectators, was not of sufficient importance to interest the general reader; we shall therefore content ourselves with a mere official return.

Match for 50 sovs., h. ft, T.Y.C.

Mr. Clifton's b h. *Banker*, 12st	Owner	1	
Mr. Monro's b. h. Confederate, 9st 7lb	Owner	2	

Won by a length, after an amusing race.

The *Sussex Plate* of 50 sovs, with a subscription of 5 sovs. each added; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs, the second horse to receive £10 out of the sub.; heats, the New Course; 5 subs.

Mr. Hornby's *Romania*, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb	Owner	1	0	3	1
Mr. Monk's Nominee, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	Rogers	4	0	1	bolt
Mr. Balchin's Slang, aged, 9st 5lb	Macdonald	2	3	2	dr
Mr. Armstrong's ch. c. Abelard (bro. to Heloise), by Theodore, out of Penance, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	Hall	3	dr		

Betting: First heat, 2 to 1 agst. Romania, 2 to 1 agst. Slang.—Second heat: 2 to 1 on Romania; 3 to 1 agst. Slang; dead heat.—Third heat: Even betting.—Fourth heat: Even on Romania.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.; half mile heats.

Mr. Morant's *Morgiana*, 11st 7lb	Mr. Willan	0	6	1	1
Mr. Armstrong's Smitherina, 11st 7lb		0	1	2	2
Mr. De Grey's Kate, 9st 4lb		0	3	3	dr
Mr. Monro's Confederate, 9st		0	4	4	dr
Capt. Vandelieur's Zuleika, 12st		1	2	dr	
Mr. Clifton's Banker, 12st 12lb		2	5	dr	
Mr. Willan's Rasper, 11st 7lb		0	dr		

The two last heats were won easy.

THE BRIGHTON STAKES.—A letter has been received by the Stewards from Lord George Bentinck, requiring them to withhold the stakes, it being his

Lordship's intention to submit the case to another tribunal, on the ground that the decision in favor of Tawney Owl was given on insufficient evidence. [In our report of the race, we omitted to state that besides the clerk of the course, starter, and jockeys, who accompanied Captain Rous to the spot, two gypsies, who declared that they were standing there at the time the mistake is represented to have occurred, were examined. Their evidence corroborated that given by Wakefield. We may add also that William Day, Sly, and Balchin, persist in declaring that they kept the post on the proper side.]

QUEBEC RACES.

QUEBEC, L. C., Aug. 5th, 1839.

My Dear Sir,—The "Jubilee days" (as these races may be properly termed) are now over, and I hasten to lay before you a report of the proceedings. Never have I seen such a display. Here you saw the loquacious *habitant*, there a son of the "green Isle," here a kilted Highlander in all the splendour of his country's garb, and there a group of Dragoons, or Hussars, each and every one waiting in breathless anxiety "the start," whiling away the anxious moments in recounting some "oft told tale;" or, in relief, the scarlet uniform and high caps of the Coldstream Guards. The "Turn-out" was general from the "Four-in-hand" to the "Dog cart;" every thing that had wheels was put in requisition at an early hour. By eleven o'clock there was a general start for the "Plains of Abraham."

The Ball opened with

The *Trial Stakes* of £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £2 10 each, open to all Horses bred in Upper or Lower Canada, that never won Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Mile heats; 4 subs.

Mr. Bernard's b. m. *Polly Jones*, aged, 9st 4lb	A. Richards	2	1	1
Mr. Balls' b. m. Mavourneen, 6 yrs, 9st 1 lb		1	2	2
Mr. Tierney's b g. Locofoco, 4 yrs, 8st 1 lb		3	3	3
Capt. Daniell's bl. m. Kate Kearney, 3 yrs, 7st		4	4	dr

1st heat—Polly Jones swung off at a killing pace; in the 2d quarter mile Locofoco made a run at her, lapped and passed her on the home stretch; Mavourneen caught them at play, passed, and was declared winner by half a neck.

2d heat—Locofoco sprung a-head, closely followed by Mavourneen; the brush was pretty severe between them until Richard's calling on Polly Jones silenced all doubts by winning the heat by a length.

3d heat—Polly Jones led off, closely waited on by Locofoco, Mavourneen watching for a rush, which she finally made, but it only answered as a second placing.

The *Merchant's Plate* of £70, added to a Sweepstakes of £6 each, free for all Horses; Two mile heats; Montreal Turf Club weights; a winner of any Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes before the day of entry, at any one time, of the value of £50 or upwards, to carry 7lb extra; of any smaller stake, to carry 4lb extra. Three subs.

Capt. Shirley's gr. m. *The Queen*, by Autocrat, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb	A. Cadarette	1	1	
Mr. Crawford's ch. h Tom Kimble, aged, 9st 4lb		2	dr	
Mr. Anderson's b. m. Maria, 6 yrs, 9st		3	dr	

Time, 1st mile, 2.10—2d mile, 2.12.

Maria led off for the 1st half mile; Tom Kimble then passed the word, but it was of no avail, and in the long run proved also as "no go." Her Majesty, not deigning to yield her superiority without a shot, did it with such effect as to frighten her competitors from another trial, she walking over for the 2d heat. Large sums were lost on Maria.

The *Steward's Plate* of £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £2 10 each. Mile heats; Gentlemen Riders; the winner to be sold for £50, if demanded in the usual manner; three subs.

Mr. R. James' br. g. *Shillelagh*, aged, 10st 11lb	Mr. R. James	1	1
Mr A Richard's gr h Hambletonian, aged, 11st		2	2
Mr. Paynter's b. m. Miss Squeers, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb		dist	

Won very easy, the other horses having scarcely a look for it.

The *Scurry Stakes* of £5 each, with £15 added; open to all horses that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstake; heats, three-quarters of a mile; Gentlemen Riders; weights, 11st; the winner to be sold for £35, if demanded in the usual manner.

Won by the Honorable Capt. Boyle's Honeymoon, by Brilliant, winning the 1st and 3d heats; Mr. Bernard's horse won the 2d heat; beating the horses of the following gentlemen:—Capt. Daniell, Capt. Lindsay, Lieut. Paynter, Lieut. Tierney, and Mr. Bernard.

A *Tackie Race* of one mile, for a saddle and bridle, given by the Officers, to be run for by Canadian horses, *habitants* riders.

This was a very laughable affair, and by dint of much goading, spurring, and halloing, the winner managed to get over the ground in something less than five minutes!

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4.

The *Hurdle Race*, a Sweepstakes of £5 each, with £30 added; open to all horses; two miles; Gentlemen Riders; 11st 7lb each; the winner of a hurdle race at Toronto, Laprairie, or Montreal to carry 7lb extra.

Capt. Daniell's ch. g. *Veteran*, aged, 11st 4lb	Jennar, Esq., 11th Regt.	1		
—— Pipon, Esq.'s b. m. Duvernay, aged, 11st 4lb	Pipon, Esq., Drag. Gds.	2		
Mr. B Bernard's b. m. Polly Jones, aged, 11st 4lb	Mr. Palmer	dist.		
Mr. R. James' b. g. Shillelagh, aged, 11st 4lb	Mr. Paul	dist.		

Within a hundred yards from the start, and at the first hurdle, two horses fell, Polly Jones and the Irish named nag; Veteran went steadily at it, and cleared it in fine style. Duvernay refused at first, but by free application of the "persuaders" was induced to alter her determination, but the "old 'un" was so far in advance as to preclude every chance for the rest. Veteran won in a hand gallop, the chances of Polly Jones and Shillelagh were used up from the first hurdle, as they gave their riders "croppers," which "cropping" "cropped" their sport." There were in all nine hurdles to leap, each one four feet high; and the beautiful countenances of the ladies exhibited no small degree of trepidation at the hardy daring displayed by the riders.

The *Garrison Plate* of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, for all horses bona fide the property of Officers of the Army or Navy, previous to the 19th of August, 1839; to be ridden by Officers in the Army or Navy; weights as for the Steward's Plate; the winner of £50 or upwards at any time to carry 7lb extra; of any smaller sum 4lb extra; Mile heats.

Capt. Shirley's ch. h. *Midas*, aged, 11st 4lb		0	1	1
Lieut. Col. White's b. h. Cheroot, aged, 11st 4lb		0	dist.	
Hon. Capt. Boyle's b. m. The Nun, aged, 11st 4lb		3	2	dr

The Nun got off in fine style; Cheroot, at the first quarter, made a severe rush at him, but on coming down the home stretch, one could have drawn a line on them all, so close were they.

2d heat.—The Nun led round till the last quarter; after a hard struggle, the convent heroine had to yield the point of honor to Midas; Cheroot bolted in the first quarter. The Nun was merely put in to make up the race, she being lame from the first.

The *Ladies' Purse* of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, free for all horses; Montreal Turf Club weights; Mile heats.

Mr. R. James' b. g. *Tom Ludlow*, aged, 8st 11 lb	1	1	
Mr. A. Richard's Little York (late Huron), aged, 8st 11lb	2	dr	

Won easy. Tom Ludlow had it all his own way.

The *Beaten Plate* (handicap), entrance £1 5, with £25 added; free for all horses beaten during the Meeting; mile heats.

Lieut. Paynter's bl. h. *Happy-go-lucky*, aged, 10st	4	3	1	1
Mr. Tierney's b. g. Locofoco, 9st 12lb	3	2	3	2
Mr. A Richard's b. h. Little York, 11st 7lb	2	1	2	3
Lieut Col. Whyte's b. h Cheroot, aged, 11st	1	dist.		

This race, with the exception of a match between two Canadians, closed the Meeting, with the good wishes of all for the prosperity of the Quebec Association.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Washington Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 1st day of October, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close 1st Sept.; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, free for all ages.

Second day—A Produce Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats sub. $100 each, h. ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Duvall names produce of Thistle and Mons. Tonson.
2. Wm. D. Bowie names produce of Blue Bell and Imp. Apparition
3. C. S. W. Dorsey names produce of a Young Oscar mare and Critic
4. Thos. F. Bowie names produce of Abby Rattler and Imp. Autocrat
5. Geo. S. Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Autocrat
6. D. Crawford names produce of a Zinganee mare and Marylander
7. Y. N. Oliver names produce of a Mark Anthony mare and Duke of Orleans
8. W. W. W. Bowie names produce of Lady Amelia and Imp. Autocrat
9. Wm. N. Dorsett names produce of Fanny Wright and Imp. Autocrat
10. John H. S. Sothoron names produce of Maid of Patuxent and Imp. Autocrat
11. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Apparition.
12. Roderick McGregor names produce of Ellen and Imp. Autocrat
13. Hon. D. Jennifer names *Scylla*, produce of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo, and Imp. Autocrat

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

Third day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats, free for all ages.

Fourth day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages, ent. $25, to be added to the Purse. Entrance 5 per cent. All the above purses will be paid without discount.

EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor*.

N.B. Persons wishing to make entries to the above sweepstakes, will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va., or Wm. Holmead, at the course. [aug 7

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE 9th No. of this work was published on the 1st Sept., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; on Steel by Dick, after A. Cooper.
PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; on Steel by Dick, after Hancock.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, August 31.—[aug31]

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting over the above Course, will commence on Tuesday, October 22d, 1839, and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday), a sweepstake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100.

1. David M'Daniel names ch. f. Ildica by Pacific, out of Delila by Sir Archy.
2. James B. Kendall names gr. f. by Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.
3. Col. Wm R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
4. James K. Van Mater names ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller.
5. Also, " " " br. c. Mercer by Emilius.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which never won a race, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons Tonson, out of the dam of Catherine Davis.
2. David M'Daniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
3. James K. Van Mater names br. c. Mercer, by Emilius.
4. Also, " " " bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel.

Second day (Wednesday), a Purse of $1500, Four mile heats.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which shall not have won a race previous to closing this stake. Sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats.

1. A. V. Conover names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Sister to Manalopan.
2. David Toms names b. c. by Marshal Ney, dam by John Richards.
3. Joseph H. Van Mater names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Sir Solomon.

Third day (Thursday), a purse of $1000, Three mile heats.

Same day, a Purse of $200, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday), a purse of $600, Two mile heats.

Same day, a Purse, Mile heats.

One third of each of the above purses to go to the second best, if more than *one* start, —if but *one* all to go to the winner.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not designate the second best, the horse that is second in the last heat, will be so considered.

Entries for all purses will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race, at *nine* o'clock, A. M.—entrance 5 per cent.

A list of the entries for each purse can be seen in New York; at the Office of the Spirit of the Times, Astor House, Washington Hall, and Park Hotel, on the day previous to each race, immediately after the arrival of the morning line of Cars from Philadelphia, and in the Sun, Herald, and Era, on the morning of each race; also at the principal Hotels of Philadelphia, on the evening previous to each race, and in the principal Philadelphia Papers on the morning of each race.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern states, can rely on securing good stables for race-horses, by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

☞ As the New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads have brought the Eagle Course within a few hours ride of New York and Philadelphia, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than have heretofore been on any course *North of Louisiana*.

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J. September 6th, 1839.—[sept 7]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughou the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner.

JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor*.

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1 t October.

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma.

W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*

Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

NEWMARKET COURSE, PETERSBURG, Va.

THE Fall Meeting over this course will commence on Tuesday, 24th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstake, two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, free only for colts and fillies that never won a race, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit; to name and close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats, ent, $15.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, with an inside Post Stake of $2000 each, P. P., to which there are 3 subs., viz.:

Charles Hatcher, for E. J. Wilson, | Wm. R. Johnson.
O. P. Hare,

This race will bring to the post three of the best horses in the United States.

Fourth day—Citizens' Plate, value $400, Three mile heats, ent. $40. The winner to take the plate or money at his option.

There is also a Sweepstake open to be run this day, free for any three year old, two mile heats, sub. $300 each, half forfeit, to name and close 10th September. Now 2 subs.

[Aug. 24] O. P. HARE, *Proprietor*.

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS, JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors*.

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7–1dec]

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 will commence on Monday, September 30th, with the great sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, half forfeit, four mile heats, ten subs. and closed the 1st January, 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver and M. W. Dickey name gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, 3 yrs., by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley
2. W. T. Ward names b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, 4 years old, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster
3. Willa Viley names ch. f. *Queen Mary*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer
4. George N. Sanders and Lewis Sanders, Jr., name b. c. *Occident*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel
5. Sidney Burbridge names b. c. *Tarleton*, 4 years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey
6. James L. Bradley & H. B. Steele name ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William
7. Arthur Cheatham names b. c. *Billy Townes*, 5 years old, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian
8. James S. Garrison names ch. c. *Wagner*, 4 years old, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion
9. William Wynn names b. c. *Picton*, 4 years old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy
10. William Buford, Jr., names ch. f. *Musedora*, 3 years old, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko

Second day—Tuesday, 1st October, the regular Jockey Club races commence with a Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; proprietor adds a plate, value $500; the second best horse to receive back his stake; closed the 1st March, 1838, with 18 subs., viz.:

1. George N. Sanders, by Lewis Sanders	10. Richard Pindell
2. George N. Sanders, by Lewis Sanders	11. William Buford, Jr.
3. Sidney Burbridge, by Lewis Sanders	12. Miles W Dickey
4. Sidney Burbridge, by Lewis Sanders	13. James K. Duke
5. Mason Thompson	14. Robert Burbridge, by Sidney Burbridge
6. Benjamin Luckett	15. James W. Fenwick
7. F. R. Robinson	16. Lewis K. Grigsby
8. James L. Bradley	17. Thomas G. Moore
9. M. R. Tarlton	18. William Wynn,

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50 each, h. ft.; closed the 25th December, 1838, with the following subscribers:

1. Thomas H. Philips names b. f. by Pelham, dam by Sumpter.
2. Fred. Herr names b. c. *Japhet*, by Meteor, dam by Hamiltonian
3. Sidney Burbridge names br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko.
4. A. Hikes names gr. f. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams by Richard.

Fifth day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mile heats. entrance depending on the number of subscribers.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, Four mile heats.

There never has been a race, even the great contest between Eclipse and Henry, that has produced the same interest and excitement as the $20,000 sweepstakes, to come off over the Oakland Course the last day of September next. The same number of horses of like reputation has never been engaged together in any race in America. All have gone into it with the knowledge of the powers of their adversaries. Nine of the entries are now in training, with every prospect of starting. This stake with others are the largest purses ever offered in the state, bringing together Mr. McCargo's, Col. Wynn's, and Mr. Garrison's full stables, affording every day a foreign contest with Kentucky horses, making two great four mile races in one week.

For the better accommodation of the immense number expected at this race, the stands are now being added to so as to afford an entire view of the race to all. In consequence of the immense expense the proprietor has incurred in getting up this race, he will charge double price at the gate this day only.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 12, 1839.—[aug 24]

NASHVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence on Monday, the 30th of September, 1839, with the following Sweepstakes and Purses:—

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, P. P., Two mile heats. Six subscribers, viz.:

1. Arnold Russell names b. c. *John Pleasants*, by Rattler, out of Aramanta, by Jerry
2. W. G. Harding names b. c. *Alpha*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliette, by Kosciusko
3. Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson
4. Chas. Bosley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard
5. Wilson & Nichol name gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific
6. Stakely Donelson names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, Two mile heats. Eighteen subs., viz.:

1. Hugh Kirkman names br. c. *Onalaska*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Wacousta
2. L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam
3. Henry Baldwin, jr, names b. c. *Ellenborough*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman
4. W. W. Gift names ch. c. *Governor Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie
5. D. Hardeman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw, by Shawnee
6. A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Mambrino, out of Bellepeine by Imp. Strap
7. John S. Bryant names ch. f. *Cowlet*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab
8. Heed & Wooden name ch. c. *Geo. W. Cheatham*, by Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons Tonson
9. Geo. W. Cheatham names br. f. *Ellen Call*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles
10. N. Davis names b. c. *Bissextile*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles
11. Livingston Leavell names ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger
12. James M. Newman names b. c. *Attila*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevins Conqueror
13. A. B. Newsam names br. c. *Tom Leefe*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant
14. Samuel Ragland names b. c. *John Randolph*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke
15. Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar
16. Jas. Jackson names Imp. ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius
17. Also, gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Gallopade by Imp. Catton
18. Jas. Kirkman names Imp. b. c. *Riddlesworth*, by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Sixth day—Proprietors' Purse, for the entrance money of the preceding days, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

SAMUEL & JOHN CARTER, *Proprietors*.

Nashvile, Tenn., Aug. 20, 1839.—[Sept. 7]

FRANKFORT Ky. RACES, CAPITOL COURSE.

THE races over the *Capital Course*, near Frankfort, Ky., will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 16th October next, and continue four days.

First day—The Cooper's Stake, Silver Pitcher, value $100, for 3 year olds, subscription $100 each, half forfeit, added; Two mile heats. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. W. Bacon names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Kitty Hunter by Paragon
2. W. S. Harris names b. f. *Mary Morriss*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter
3. John A. Holden names b. c. *Vidicq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Sydney*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Comet
5. Sydney Burbridge names b. f. *Kate Hunter*
6. J. W. Fenwick names (J. R. Ward's) b. c *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee
7. Col. Wm. Buford names ch. f. *Jenny Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian

Same day—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, P.P.; Mile heats. Now five subscribers, viz.:

Ben. Luckett	W. W. Bacon	J. W. Fenwick
S. Burbridge	J. A. Holden	

Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, subscription $50, h. ft. Five subs., viz.:

1. J. W. Burbridge names ch. c. *Frank Wilson*, by Rodolph, dam by Diomed
2. B. F. Tayloe names ch. c. by Singleton, dam unknown
3. E. R. Price names b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Tom Hampton*, by Imp. Swist, dam by Sumpter
5. Dr. L. Sanders names bl. f. *Rodolphy*, by Rodolph, dam by Whipster

Same day—Purse $50, with a subscription of $50 each, Mile heats, free for all. To close the day before the race. [Aug 31]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany.

WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent*.

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting.

A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting.

A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

June 23, 813[illegible] —[v 13]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

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Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d1?

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md.	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
" "	Kingsbury Trotting Course, 2d Monday, Oct. 14.
Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Fall Meeting (of three days), 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept
Boonville, Mo.	and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Bean's Station, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Camden, N. J.	and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
Cynthiana, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Clinton, Ala.	Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Columbia S. C.	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
Columbus, Ga.	Western Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Clarksville, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Cincinnati, Ohio	J. C. Fall Meeting, postponed to 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Fredericksburg, Va.	Mulberry Course, J.C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22,
Fort Smith, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Fayette, Mo.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.
Frankfort, Ky.	Capitol Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala.	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
Greenville, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 24th Sept.
Galveston, Texas	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
Holly Springs, Miss.	A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
Kingston, U. C.	Annual Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
Louisville, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" "	Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
Lexington, Ky.	Association Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept
Livingston, Ala.	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
Limestone Springs, S. C., Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Oct.	
Mecklenburg Co., Va.	Buffalo Course, J. C., Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, Oct. 8.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
Macon, Ga.	Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
Montgomery, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th Nov.
New Orleans, La.	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
New Franklin, Mo.	and Boonville J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Nashville, Tenn.	Jockey Club Second Fall Meeting 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
New York City	Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
" " "	Beacon Course, N. J., Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
" " "	Centreville Trotting Course, Sweepstakes first week in Oct.
" " "	Beacon Course Trotting Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Natchez, Miss.	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" "	Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raiby, Nov. 11.
" "	Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
Oxford, N. C.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Petersburg, Va.	Newmarket Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
Pittsylvania C.H. Va.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.
Paris, Tenn.	Highland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Monday, 30th Sept.
Peoria, Ill.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 24th Sept.
Raymond, Miss.	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, about the 1st of Nov
" "	Match, $1000 a side, *Leesburg* vs. *Red Bone*, Wednesday, 30th Oct.
Raleigh, N. C.	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
Rome, Ga.	Western Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Selma, Ala.	Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
St. Louis, Mo.	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Springfield, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Shelbyville, Ky.	Fall Meeting, 4th Monday, 23d Sept.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Van Buren, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Washington, D. C.	National Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.

PARACHUTE DESCENTS.

The English æronauts are determined to succeed in the use of parachutes to make descents from their airy vessels, notwithstanding the ill success of many previous attempts, and several fatal accidents. A Mr. Hampton has recently made a trial in London, attended by a less startling catastrophe than usual. The following is his account of the experiment which he made in London on the 12th of August last :—

Early in the morning of Monday last I was on the grounds superintending the arrangement of the apparatus for my aerial exhibition, and everything went on to my entire satisfaction—the weather seemed also more settled, thus giving me the greatest confidence that all my plans and efforts would terminate favorably.

At the time appointed the parachute was brought into the arena where the balloon had been inflated, leaving me nothing further to do prior to my departure than to fasten the cord connecting it with the buoyant machine, and some other minor matters; and here I must mention, that in removing the parachute from the place in which it was deposited to the balloon, I found two of the irons immediately over my head, and combining the car or basket with the tube of my parachute, had completely given way, but with the assistance of my friends and some cords, I remedied this startling difficulty in such a manner as to ensure its adhesion to the tube, and felt not the slightest apprehension of its failure.

Having now arranged my ballast, cleared every line and halyard, ascertained the full ascending power of the stupendous and impatient aerial machine, I stepped into the car with every feeling of the most perfect confidence in my success, which every one at that moment in their excited state around me for my safety can testify.

The signal to let go was given by me, and responded to by the deafening cheers and acclamations of those in the gardens, as well as from the immense mass of human beings which had thronged together in every direction as far as the eye could reach, and never did "the machine leave terra firma more proudly and majestically than on the present occasion."

Having surveyed the locality over which I was agreeably floating, I found that I should speedily be directly above Kensington Gardens, and deeming this to be a favorable spot for my descent, especially as I had announced it to be my intention to make it within sight of the grounds, I accordingly arranged for the separation from the balloon, and with a resolute heart, a firm and steady hand, instantly severed the only cord which connected me with the rapidly soaring machine above me. At first I endured the usual dreadful sensations of being nearly suffocated, which lasted some few seconds; but having recovered, I cast my eye in the direction of the exact spot upon which I was likely to descend, and instantly discharged the ballast, at the same time waving my cap to the assembled multitude. Finding I was making towards a large tree, I crouched down in the basket and prepared for the concussion. Unfortunately, I caught one of the branches of the tree; consequently the proper action of the air on the parachute was lost, and the bough breaking with the weight, I came with much force to the ground; whereas, had I escaped the tree, or fallen even in a cluster of trees, my descent would have been unattended with the slightest ill effect.

The shock for a few moments deprived me of speech, but I was perfectly sensible, and by the kind assistance of several persons who had surrounded me (and to whom I feel most thankful), I was enabled to return within a very short period of time to the grounds I had previously quitted, where I addressed the numerous company anxiously awaiting my arrival, in explanation of the feelings I entertained in having accomplished to their entire satisfaction the feat I had promised, though that feat was not perfected to my own satisfaction, inasmuch as my hitherto twice successful plan of bringing down the balloon to the earth, not only near the place of my own descent, but reaching it before me, failed; and this proved a serious event to myself in the loss of the machine.

A very slight line has hitherto been affixed to the top of one of the gores inside, and, terminating through a small incision near the neck of the balloon, is made fast to the bottom of the tube of the parachute. Thus, when I cut the connecting cord which held my whole weight, it rested only on the above-named line; the sudden jerk instantaneously causes an incision through the entire gore of the balloon; the gas rushes out in one immense volume, and the weight of the balloon being in the head, it completely turns over, and reaches the earth in a few minutes. In this instance the packthread or line through the silk snapped asunder, instead of acting as before described.

Such is the confidence I have in my apparatus, that I should not hesitate making another descent in a proper locality, where clear and open space preclude the possibility of my coming in contact with any intermediate object than the earth, and which must be admitted is not the case in my making the descent near the metropolis.

In regard to my descent on Monday last, had I not found that I was likely to drift over the densely-populated neighborhood of Kensington and its immediate vicinity, I should not have descended so soon, it being my wish to have attained a greater altitude, as the grandeur of the sight would have been more enhanced, as likewise appertaining much more to the safety of the æronaut, my opinion being that an altitude of at *least one mile* ought to be gained before cutting away, as at this height the parachute itself acts much better, and more ample time is afforded to the æronaut to regain composure, and regulate the mode for a safe and steady descent. With this knowledge, and being determined to give every one the opportunity of distinctly viewing my separation of the cord, I accomplished that descent in sight of all, which, if I had journeyed farther, and gone much higher, would, as far as scientific purposes are concerned, have been considerably more effective. I am happy, however, to find I have given general satisfaction, and that, at this moment, beyond the results of a shock or collision in my descent, I am not suffering any bodily injury, the prompt and skilful treatment of my kind friend Dr. Frankum, of Montagu-square, having perfectly removed every temporary ailment attendant upon my somewhat violently reaching the earth.

6 Hanover-place, Regent's-park, Aug. 15, 1839. John Hampton.

Horse Bleeding to Death at the Nose.—We understand that Mr. Otis Foster recently lost a good horse by bleeding at the nose. He was found in the pasture bleeding, and soon died. On examination no injury could be discovered. What could be the cause?—*Maine Farmer.*

Barge Clubs.—A trial contest of speed came off the other afternoon, between our three barge clubs, that resulted in the Ariel coming in ahead of the Geo. Stewart and the Triton. It had been determined to propose a contest with the George Shamburgh, of Pittsburg, with the best boat, and that the three clubs should make the proposition, but the Ariel club—the majority of them at least, resolved to sell their boat to a Pittsburg club for $300, greatly to the surprise and disappointment of numbers. We have been requested to say that the rowers in the Geo. Stewart, the other evening, were out of practice, and we understand that a banter has been proposed to run with the Ariel for a service of plate. There is no exercise more invigorating than rowing, and we like to see the *esprit du corps* manifested by our clubs.—*Louisville City Gazette.*

Absence of Mind and Accident.—A man about starting up the river in a steamboat the other day, went into a store to purchase a life preserver. He placed the wrong end in his mouth, and instead of filling the preserver with wind blew himself up. He immediately rose like a balloon, and has not since been heard of.—*Picayune.*

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE stakes upon this Course having closed at an earlier period than usual, several nominations were in consequence made too late for admission. To meet the wishes of such as have been thus disappointed, a new stake is opened, which will close on the 1st of October, to which they are requested to renew their subscription, viz :

A Sweepstake for all 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300, forfeit $100; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October, and to come off on the 2d day of the races.

Trenton, Sept. 10th, 1839—[sept21] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21–5m]

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over this Course, will commence the 3d Tuesday, the 15th of Oct., and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, Two mile heats; eleven subscribers, and closed, viz..

1. David McDaniel names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Vashti.
2. W. R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
3. J. D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
4. C. Hatcher (for E. J. Wilson) names gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. J. S. Corbin names Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady.
6. J. K. Vanmater names Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller.
7. Also, Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel.
8. Wm. Gibbons names br. c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.
9. Wm. Jones names b. c. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove.
10. Geo. Goodwyn names br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem.
11. B. B. Cunningham names bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. Closed the 1st Sept., with six subscribers, viz.:

1. J. D. Kirby names br. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gohanna.
2. I. Puckett names ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Medley.
3. W. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of S. Hardaway's Omega.
4. J. K. Van Mater names Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emilius.
5. Also, Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel.
6. D. McDaniel names b. c by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon.

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, with an inside Post Stake of $2000 each, P.P.; Four mile heats Closed 1st Sept., with three subs., viz.:

W. R. Johnson. Chas. Hatcher. O. P. Hare.

Fourth day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same day—A Match race for $2000 a side, $500 forfeit, between

Mr. E. Colman's ch. c 3 years old, by Star, out of Malinda, and

Mr. J. D. Kirby's br c. 3 years old, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.

[sept 21–4t] WM. N. FRIEND.

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839 :

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter.
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen. Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, } *Proprietors.*

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE races over the *Camden Course* will commence on Monday, the 4th Nov. next, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds (closed).

Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.

Fifty dollars will be given by the Club for a Sweepstake on each day, to be run for immediately after the main race.

[sept 21—6t] WM. KENNEDY, *Secretary.*

LIMESTONE SPRINGS (S. C.) RACES.

THE races at this place will commence the first Monday, 7th October, and continue six days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Ten subs. and closed.

Second day—Three mile heats, $15 entrance, free for all.

Third day—Two mile heats, $10 entrance, free for all.

Fourth day Mile heats, $10 entrance, free for all.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, $10 entrance, free for all.

Sixth day—A Post Stake, Two mile heats, $100 entrance.

Immediately after each regular race, the Club will give the following:

First day, $15 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.

Second day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.

Third day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.

Fourth day, $5 for Sweepstakes, One mile out, free for all.

Fifth day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free only for unkept saddle horses.

The purses will be equal to last year. The track is now in fine order, is one of the most beautiful, and for time, is equal to any in the State. Fine sport is anticipated

SAML. OTTERSON, *Sec.* and *Treas.*

Limestone Springs, S.C., 3d September, 1839.—[sept21]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES are open to come off over the above course, the 2d week in Oct. next.

1st Stake, Two mile heats, under the saddle, for horses that never won a purse. Twenty five dollars entrance, and fifty dollars added by the Proprietor.

2d Stake, Two mile heats, in harness, for horses that never won a purse over $50; $25 entrance, and $50 added by the Proprietor.

3d Stake, Two mile heats, under the saddle, for horses that never won a purse over $100; $25 entrance, and $50 added by the Proprietor.

4th Stake, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all horses; $50 entrance, and $100 added by the Proprietor.

5th Stake, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, for horses that never trotted for money, $25 entrance, and $25 added by the Proprietor.

In either of the above stakes three or more entries to make a race. The above stakes will close on Saturday, the 5th October, on or before 8 o'clock. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor at Barker's Hotel, 2d door above the Park Theatre. In the event of a horse's walking over for either stake, no addition to it will be made by the Proprietor. JOEL CONKLIN.

Centreville, L. I., Sept. 5th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

NEW YORK RACES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

THE races over the *Union Course*, Long Island, will commence on the first Tuesday in October, and continue three days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, and closed, viz.:

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Imp. Barefoot
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark
5. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Shark
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Shark
7. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free only for 3 year olds that never won a race, ent. $20. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 20th of September.

Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Of the above purses, the sums of $50, $100, and $200, will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New York, then by Virginia rules; but if only one horse shall start, then the purses will be $250, $300, and $600. But the proprietors propose, that if the owners of Langford, Decatur, Hornblower, and Shadow, will enter into an inside stake (by the 15th September) of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, that *they* will give an additional sum of $300 to the second best, which would make the second best, if one of these three horses, draw $500 on the four mile day.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Now two subscribers, and several more expected. To name and close on the 15th Sept. Three or more to make a race.

Other mile heat purses may be given. If so, due notice will be given.

New York, August 31, 1839.—[4t] D. M. BRANCH.

Memo.—The BEACON COURSE races will commence on the 5th Tuesday, the 29th of October—particulars in time.

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE races over this Course will commence on the 29th day of October, being the week after the Trenton Races.

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at the time of entry, Mile heats, subscription $50 each, P. P. The Proprietors will give $50 to the second best, if more than three start. To name and close by the first day of October, and three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, of which $50 will be given to the second best.

Second day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds. Mile heats, sub. $100 each, $25 forfeit; three or more to make a race, and the second best to draw one fourth of the stakes; to name and close by first day of October.

Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, of which $100 will be given to the second best.

Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats, of which $200 will be given to the second best.

And the Proprietors propose to the owners of Hornblower, Job, Fordham, and Wonder, or any three of them, that if they will enter into an inside stake of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, the purse shall be made, as to them, $1000, and the second best of them shall receive $250 extra.

Some Mile heat purses may be offered during the meeting, of which due notice will be given. All entries for Sweepstakes to be made by letter, directed to D. H. Branch, New York City. Entries for purses to be made by 1 o'clock, on the day preceding the race.

BY THE PROPRIETORS

New York, Sept. 3, 1839.—[sept 7]

KENDALL COURSE FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 over this Course will take place, as usual, on the second Tuesday, the 8th October, and continue five days, to wit:—

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit; closed on the 1st September with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
2. R. B. Cunningham names bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.
3. Dr Geo. Goodwyn names br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards.
4. John S. Corbin & Co name Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady.

Same day—A Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Closed on the 1st Sept., with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette.
2. David McDaniel names b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam ——.
3. Wm Gibbons names *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnet's O'Blue by Sir Charles.
4. Col. Francis Thompson names Col. Francis Green's b. f by Autocrat, out of Laura.
5. Jas. B. Kendall names gr f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, that never started in a public race, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; closed 1st September with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. Col Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of Simmons Hardoway's Omega mare, the property of Johnson & Hardaway.
2. David McDaniel names ch. c by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
3. Gen Alex. Hunter names ch. c by The Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam.
4. Nathaniel Lufborough names ch. f. by the Ace of Diamonds, out of Diana by Ogle's Oscar.
5. Col. Francis Thompson names Col. Frs. C. Greene's b. c. by Autocrat, dam by Rattler.

Third day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $700; if but one, $500; Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $600, $200 of which goes to second best horse, if more than two start; if but two the winner to receive $400; if but one, $300. Three mile heats.

Fifth day—A Colt's Purse $200, Two mile heats, free only for colts having been beaten during the week, $25 entrance, to be added to the purse; the second best Colt, if more than two start, to receive $50 out of the Purse.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. Entrance to the above Purse, 5 per cent. The entry will be made on the day preceding each day's race, by 12 o'clock, M., in order that they may be announced from the stand after each day's race.

The Course will be put in extra good order. Stables and litter will, as usual, be furnished to race horses, free of charge. The Course has been recently measured with two Ten Foot Rods, and found to be over a mile; of which, proper notice will be given in the "Spirit of the Times."

The following Stakes are now open to be run over this Course, to wit:

The Sewell Stakes, for 3 year olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1840, Mile heats, sub $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st April next, by paying $50; to name and close 1st January next. Now three subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. J. V. Wagner.

Also, the Pete Whetstone Stakes, to run the day preceding the Spring Meeting, 1841, with 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 6 subs., to wit:

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pendleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips by Sussex
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Col. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

The Proprietor begs leave to call the particular attention of Racers and Breeders to the foregoing Stakes, and hopes he will not be disappointed in having them well filled. Letters addressed to the Proprietor, post marked, on or before the closing of the stake, will be in due time. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

Kendall Course, August 16, 1839.—[sept 14]

KINGSBURY TROTTING COURSE.

THE Sporting World is respectfully apprised that the subscribers have rented the *Kingsbury Trotting Course*, situated on the Philadelphia Road, four miles from the city of Baltimore, and will have it in first rate order. They will offer the following purses to be trotted for:—

First day, October 14—A Purse of $100, free for green horses, owned in Maryland, that never won a purse; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in Harness.

Second day, October 15—A Purse of $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, free for any horse; entrance $100 each, which will be added to the Purse. Three or more to make a race Entries for this race to close on the 8th of October.

Third day, October 16—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for any horse owned in Maryland.

The above purses will be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Course. There is first rate stabling attached to the Course, which will be furnished free, with straw for bedding.

JOHN McCLINTOCK & CO., *Proprietors.*

Baltimore, Sept. 7, 1839.—[sept 14]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

FEATHER, by Monsieur Tonson, g. d. by Sir Archy, g. g d. by Imp. Buzzard, her dam Imp. Symmetry, by Trumpator, &c. See A. T. Register, Vol. 1, p. 622, and Vol. 8, p. 479, for further particulars.

PRODUCE SINCE 1837

1838. Br. c. by Sarpedon.

1839. Ch. f. by Zinganee—stinted this season to Priam

The above mare and colts are offered for sale, and an opportunity afforded to purchasers of procuring the most approved stock in the country. The mare is ten years old this Spring, and is in fine health. She is full fifteen hands and a half high, fine bay, and in point of beauty, symmetry, and action, is not surpassed by any mare in the State.

Feather was trained by Mr. Williams, near Nashville, the fall she was three years old, and ran but one race, having received forfeit in another stake The race was closely contested for three heats, the first being decided a dead heat between her and one of the best four year olds of the day, in that part of the country. The heaviness of the track, and bad condition of her feet, made much against her in the race, which she lost. A gentleman who had charge of her informed me, that in her trials, she could run a mile in 1:47. She was the following season put to horse, and has been ever since, and is a sure breeder. Reference can be had to Wm. R. Johnson, Hon. Balie Peyton, and Rev. H. M. Cryer. Her colts are large, and of high racing form. M. ALEXANDER.

Lombardy Grove P.O., Mecklenburg Co., Va, 26th Aug, 1839.—[sept 14–4t*]

TROTTING, BEACON COURSE.

THE following purses will be given over the above Course, to commence on the 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct., and continue four days.

First day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never trotted for a purse; Two mile heats in harness.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats under the saddle.

Second day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, Two mile heats under the saddle.

Same day, at 4 o'clock Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, except the winner of the second purse; Two mile heats in harness.

Third day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $150, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, except the Ice Poney; Two mile heats in harness

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $100, for pacing horses that never won a purse of $200; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

Fourth day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $150, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, except the winner of the fifth purse; Two mile heats under the saddle.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $250, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats in harness.

All entries to be made the day previous, at the Course, at or before 4 o'clock.

Club Tickets, $5. Tickets for the Stands, 50 cents. [sept 14]

CINCINNATI RACES.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839, will commence on Monday, 14th October, and continue six days.

First day, Monday—Proprietor's Purse $300, for 3 year olds only, Two mile heats.

Second day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub $100 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th August.

For this race six subscribers are expected.

Same day—The Breeders' Plate, value $200, for 3 year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Ky.; Mile heats

Third day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a beautiful Tea Sett (silver); the amount of entrance to be governed by the number of entries. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each; the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the race; to name at the Judges' Stand previous to the hour of starting.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.

Sixth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in gold, Mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $100 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.

[sept 14–3t] LEWIS SANDERS, *Agent.*

REGATTA.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL REGATTA of the Amateur Boat Club Association will take place at Castle Garden, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 1st of October next, and will consist of three orders of races, one for four oared boats, and one for six oared, both of which will be open to all boats, without regard to length, and without the customary assessment or entrance money; and another, of such of the six oared boats of the Association exclusively, as do not take part in the general race. There will be two prizes for the four oared boats, two for the six oared boats of the Association, and for the general race of six oared boats, three prizes, all of which will be rich prizes of Plate. The Association, desirous of cultivating a friendly intercourse with the like Associations and Clubs of neighboring cities, and of comparing models and skill in oarsmanship, extend their invitation to Clubs of those places as well as to those of this city. All Clubs desirous of participating will be required to communicate their intention, with the name of the boat and a list of the crew, on or before Thursday, the 26th of September, instant, to

GEO. A BROWN,

[sept 14] Secretary of the A. B. C. Association, 17 Broad street

FOR SALE.

A BULL, 4 years old; he is the produce of a Durham Bull and a full bred Devonshire Cow; gentle, and of full size and excellent form. Enquire of Mr. JOHN CURR, at the King's, Jamaica, Long Island. [Aug. 31–3or4t]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs, Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by }	E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk, }	James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,		

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

J. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1aJun

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however distant, meet same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for the Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

CROSS KEYS COURSE, SOUTHAMPTON CO., Va.

THE races over this course will commence the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $150 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to name and close the 1st day of Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now two subscribers.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount, $15 entrance.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, $20 ent.

Fourth day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close the 1st day of Sept. 1839. Three or more to make a race.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, One mile, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. Now two subs., and many more expected.

Entries made to any of the above stakes will be addressed to SAMPSON C. RUSE, Proprietor, Boykin's Depot, Southampton County, Virginia.

GEORGE B. CARY, President.
ROBT. RIDLEY, 1st Vice President.
C. D. BARHAM, Secretary. JAS. S. FRENCH, 2d Vice President.

July 12, 1839.—[jy 20]

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting; among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor*.

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J: C.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

RARE CHANCE FOR TURFMEN.

A DISSOLUTION of co-partnership, and the want of suitable accommodations for breeding, have induced the subscribers to offer for sale the entire stock of valuable horses in their stable, that have acquired for themselves so flattering and enviable a reputation on the Turf. Their stock comprises not only the purest and most fashionable strains of blood on either side of the Atlantic, but each has been a winner, and several of them rank among the best performers on the Southern Turf. The Racing Calender affords the best evidence of their speed and game, and to the record of their performances, the subscribers direct the attention of Breeders and Turfmen, with pride and confidence. The following is a list of their pedigrees, copied from the original certificates in the possession of the undersigned:—

John Guedron is a beautiful chesnut, five feet three and a half inches high, with fine bone and muscle, and his movements easy and graceful. He was bred by Dr. James Leverich, of Augusta, Ga., and dropped the spring of 1834. He was got by the celebrated horse old Bertrand (the sire of John Bascombe, Bill Austin, Fanny Wright, and many others). His dam, Madonna, was by Precursor, g. d. by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. d. by Percy, g. g. g. d. by Dainty Davie, g. g. g. g. d. by the noted old Cripple. Precursor was got by Sertorius out of Nancy Air, Percy by Yorick, dam Col. Castle's imp. mare. John Guedron is now in training at Augusta.

Gerow is a handsome chesnut, five feet three and a half inches high, with fine bone and muscle, fair speed and extraordinary stamina and bottom. He was bred by James Bathgate, Esq., of West Farms, N. Y., and dropped in the spring of 1834. He was got by the celebrated racer Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), his dam, Vixen, by Eclipse, his g. d. (the dam of Col. Crowell's noted race horse Robin Hood,) by Hickory, by Imp. Whip, who was a racer of the first celebrity and blood, and beat Post Boy, Maid of the Oaks, Floretta, and all the best horses of his day. His g. g. d. was got by Tippoo Sultan, the best racer of his day, who was matched against Eclipse's dam—she paying forfeit—he by Tippoo Saib, one of the best sons of Imp. Messenger. His g. g. g. g. dam was got by Potomac, another distinguished son of Imp. Messenger. His g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Sour Crout—g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Figaro—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Bashaw, and his g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Wildair, out of a Delancy mare. Gerow is now in training.

Target is a beautiful bay, five feet two and a half inches high, of high form and first rate speed. He was got by Imp. Luzborough, and foaled 28th April, 1834. His dam, Beckey, by Marquis, g. dam by Sir Handy—g. g. dam by Imp. Bedford—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Shark—g. g. g. g. dam by old Mark Anthony—g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Janus—g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Dabster. Target became lame last season, and is now in the hands Mr. T. Lamar, and will stand next Spring.

Jack Grey is a dark bay, three years old, and is a colt of fine promise. He was got by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Jeffrie's Isabella, by Arab—g. dam. the famous Lady Bedford, by Imp. Bedford—g. g. dam by Imp. Dare Devil—g. g. g. dam by Mercury, by Imp. Janus, out of Col. Bird's imp. mare Calista—g. g. g. g. dam by Apollo, by Fearnaught—g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of the Grimwell Imp. mare. See Turf Register, vol. 8, p. 478. He is now in training.

Miss Accident is an imported bay filly, foaled 28th April, 1835, by Tramp, out of Florestine by Whisker—g. dam Flora (own sister to Ossian), by Camillus, her dam by Mr. Garforth's celebrated mare Ruler, out of Treecreeper by Woodpecker, Trentham, &c. This filly is produced from the very best blood of England. (In training.)

Signed ROBERT RIDSDALE.

Sister Lottery is an imported brown filly by Tramp, foaled May 11, 1835, out of Miss Armstrong, by Whisker—g. dam Staveley Lass, by Shuttle or Hamiltonian—g. g. dam by Drone (the dam of Sligo and Staveley, winner of the St. Leger at Doncaster, in 1805), Matchem—Jocaster by Cornforth's Forrester, sister to J. Cade. (In training)

Signed ROBERT RIDSDALE.

Polly Green is a beautiful mare, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peachem, the dam of the celebrated Portsmouth. In training.

Fanny Bailey is a sorrel filly, three years old, by Johnson's Andrew, dam by old Bertrand—g. dam by Cook's Whip—g. g. dam by Bellair—g. g. g. dam by old Diomede. In training.

Sally Vandyke is a gray mare, about 15¼ hands high, foaled in the spring of 1832. She was got by Henry, the competitor of Eclipse—her dam Rosalinda by Gen. Ogle's Oscar—g. dam by Imp. Expedition—g. g. dam by Imp. Grey Highlander—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Traveller—g. g. g. g. dam was the Slamerkin mare, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Call mare. The aforesaid mare is out of the dam of Jane Grey by Orphan Boy. See A. T. R. & S. M. vol. 3. folio 369. Now in foal to John Bascombe.

Eclipsa is a sorrel mare, six years old, by American Eclipse, dam by Arab—g. dam by old Potomac—g. g. dam by Pegasus—g. g. g. dam by Jackson's Sprightly—g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Janus—g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Walnut—g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Moose's Partner—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam Mary Pintle—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Traveller—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Dotent—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Bucephalus—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Crawford—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Justice—g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Juniper—Imp. Childers—Imp. mare purchased from Lord Cullen's stud. She has a colt by John Bascombe, foaled last Spring.

Julia Le Grand is a bay mare, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by old Whip—g. dam by Spread Eagle g. g. dam by Buzzard. Now in foal to Robin Hood.

Netty (imported by R. D. Shepherd, Esq., of New Orleans,) was bred by Mr. Moss, and foaled in 1834. She was got by Velocipede, her dam by Tramp, g. dam by Sancho—g. g. dam (Blacklock's dam), by Coriander—g. g. g. dam by Highflyer, out of Cohiness by Pot-8-o's, &c. See English Stud Book, vol. 4, page 318.

The pedigrees of Gerow, John Guedron, Target, Sally Vandyke, Eclipsa, and Julia Le Grand, are recorded in the "Spirit of the Times" of July 7, 1838—page 168; and the pedigrees of the others in the above list may be found in the pages of that Journal and also in the "Turf Register."

This list includes the entire stud of the subscribers, and will be sold on the most liberal terms. On reference to the Annual Lists of Winning Horses at four, three, two, and one mile heats, it will be found that as many winners have been brought to the post from this stable as from any other containing an equal number in the Union.

Applications may be made (if by letter, post paid) to the subscribers at Augusta, Georgia, where the horses may be seen. LEWIS LOVELL,

Augusa, Ga., Aug. 12th, 1839.— M. L. HAMMOND.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE

WILL be at Norfolk, Virginia, during the ensuing Races, (which commence on the 17th Sept.) and will be sold or let out for the ensuing season. His colts are very superior, both as to form and power. W. LIVINGSTON.

Richmond, Staten Island, Aug. 28, 1839.

The following letter to Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, U. S. N., who imported him, from FRANCIS B. OGDEN, Esq., the American Consul at Liverpool, gives Trustee's pedigree and performances:— LIVERPOOL, July 6th, 1835.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I don't know if Corbin has written you or not since the Newmarket Meeting; the chances, I think, are rather against it, as, like yourself, the spirit of procrastination hangs heavily on him; he promised to do so, however, and no doubt will soon, if he has not already. Leaving to him, therefore, the minutiæ of description, and directions as to the future, I will fulfil my part of the business by informing you that while at Newmarket, C. and myself entered into a speculation, and came to the resolution of making you the consignee of our purchase. Accordingly, I beg to advise you, that by the Caledonia, to sail on the 16th, I shall ship, consigned to you, a horse, with whom I believe you already have some acquaintance, namely, the Duke of Cleveland's Trustee. Corbin says he recollects your seeing him run at Newmarket Craven meeting, when he was beaten by Sir Mark Wood's Vespa. At any rate, he run once too often for his Grace, who in a towering passion, because he was beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, although he was dead lame from the effects of his race the the year before, ordered him immediately to be sold. Through our friend Tattersall we came to know it, and took him off his Lordship's hands at something less than he paid for him to Ridsdale three years before. He is a splendid horse, and his blood equal to any in the kingdom. Had we not purchased him as we did, £300 at least would have been added to his price, from his own brother Mundig having just won the Derby, an account of which I enclose to you. As you may expect his arrival within a week after your receipt of this, I beg you will give directions as to his reception. If Robert Stevens is in New York, I am sure he will attend to his landing with great pleasure, and as to his future destination, I leave it entirely to Corbin.

Pedigree, &c.—Trustee, a ch. h., foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

At Epsom Meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonging to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram (winner of the July and Prendergast stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lbs.,) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs., h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten,) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers, beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D. I., 8 subscribers, beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August Meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb.; two miles.

At the Doncaster September Meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles, 3 subscribers, beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Sept. 21—Miss POOLE'S First Benefit in America, on which occasion Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI and Madame PROCHE GIUBILEI have kindly volunteered their aid, and will appear in a Pas de Trois. The Operatic Troupe have also kindly volunteered.

MONDAY, Sept. 23—Last night of the Opera and Ballet—Mr. MANVERS' First Benefit in America—FIDELIO—2d Act of UNDINE—a Pas de Deux—and THE WATERMAN; Tom Tug, Mr. Manvers; Wilhelmina, Miss Poole.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24—Madame TAGLIONI'S Benefit, and last appearance in America of Mons. and Madame Taglioni.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—First time of CINDERELLA; Prince, Mr. Manvers; Baron, Mr. Giubilei; Dandini, Mr. Martyn; Cinderella, Mrs. Martyn; Clarissa, Miss Poole.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—CINDERELLA, with the Operatic Troupe.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—CINDERELLA, with the Operatic Troupe.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre*, at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—
The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.
Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.
Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21-10t*]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

THOSE Ladies and Gentlemen engaged with James H. Caldwell, New Orleans, are respectfully informed that the Theatre will open for the season in all September next. Persons in negotiation will apply to G. H. Barrett, Esq., New York, or by letter to the Proprietor, New Orleans. GEO. HOLLAND, Treasurer,
New Orleans, 22d Aug., 1839.—[sept 7-3t] St. Charles Theatre.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE following Theatres will be opened by the subscriber during the ensuing Season, commencing in September, and terminating in May, 1840:—Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus, Ga., and Montgomery and Wetumpka, Ala. Performers wishing situations in the above circuit, will please address the undersigned (post paid) at Montgomery, Ala. Young performers of talent will meet with every encouragement, and every opportunity afforded them of advancing rapidly in the profession. WM. R. HART,
[jy 27] Proprietor and Manager.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—If the past week has been signalized by the production of no novelty at this theatre, yet has the public taste been gratified nightly with such music as is rarely to be heard on this side of the Atlantic. The oftener we listen to "Fidelio," the more thankful are we to the manager, for bringing out at no inconsiderable hazard, so fine an opera of the German school. Nor has it been done without due and well pondered consideration on his part.

It was objected in the outset, and with some show of reason, that American audiences would find the music of Fidelio too difficult for their ready conception and immediate enjoyment of it. So, in a measure, it has proved; but, the objection went further, and in the solemn harmonies, the elevated tone of Fidelio, another reason was pointed out which would unfit it for the general ear. In this last regard, cavillers have been in error;—in proportion to the sentiment which pervades it, the earnest and devoted feeling,—not the gaiety and sparkling beauties,—does an opera seize upon our New York audiences. It is quite true that melodies and simple airs fill at once the popular ear, and secure immediate applause, but this is still more strikingly the case in music upon pathetic or melancholy themes. In this particular we illustrate our Saxon origin; the genius of the race is romantic and sentimental, and it discovers itself with peculiar distinctness in the musical predilections of its descendants.

For its expression of deep and sober feeling, of devotion and religious awe, for the tragic hue of all its delightful harmonies, do we especially applaud the selection of "Fidelio" to introduce to an American audience a company of vocalists. The other objection, unfortunately, has more foundation in fact; the music is too difficult, too complicated in its harmonies, to be seized upon readily by the uneducated ear. This is an objection however, which has not been insuperable, and all such as have been constant in their attendance upon the Park during the engagement of the vocalists, express themselves in the highest degree gratified with the opera.

After listening to it repeatedly, we do not find cause for reconsidering materially the opinions pronounced last week in our columns, upon the different vocalists. Had we to write anew upon the same topic, we should be somewhat more lavish in our encomiums. Of Mrs. MARTYN in particular, should we be louder in praise. She has won upon the public every night, and we cannot name a lady who upon our stage has so enchanted us both as an actress and a vocalist. The more closely it is studied, the more do the dramatic beauties of "Fidelio" develope themselves, and the more touched are we with the simple pathos with which Mrs. Martyn plays *Leonora* throughout. Her voice has far more power than was indicated during the first nights of the opera, and then it is divinely sweet. Her great *scena* in the second act is executed with finished skill and taste, and enthusiastic applause crowns every passage. It was well designed that Mrs. Martyn should have an opportunity of establishing herself a favorite, as she has done, in an opera entirely new to us, before appearing in others familiar to all, in which she would be subjected to every disadvantage of comparison with those who have, each in her own circle, won an earlier popularity It is difficult to resist the fascination of the first impression which an opera has produced upon us when brought out by a favorite vocalist. Each vocalist makes one part her own, as Miss SHIRREFF has done with *Amilie*, and as did Mrs. WOOD in "La Sonnambula." For a new comer to venture at once upon a rivalry with either, before an audience already attached to them, would be rash in the extreme. Mrs. Martyn has avoided such an error, and has first achieved an enviable popularity in "Fidelio." It will now be more agreeable for herself and her audiences to strike off into other and more familiar characters, and it is not hazardous to say that if she yields in power to her greatest predecessor, Mrs. Wood, she has nothing to fear in comparison with others who have gone before her upon the American stage.

Of Mr. MARTYN our praise last week was surely too meagre. We have come to like his voice extremely, and his "pecuniary" song is very capital. He helps the opera along trippingly with his good nature and pleasant acting. Of Mr. GIUBELEI and Mr. MANVERS we have nothing new to say. The music of the former's part improves more upon familiarity with it, than that of any other. But we must repeat, that he will not become such a favorite as his distinguished accomplishments may encourage him to hope, until he appears in a different character.

Let us now speak of Miss POOLE. She made a decided *hit* the first night; her opening duet with *Jacquino* is extremely beautiful, and it is followed by an air as exquisite; they are passages which seize upon the minds of listeners the first time they are heard, and the result is that Miss Poole is an *old* favorite—every body knows her music, and essays to sing or whistle it—with that of the other characters no such liberties are generally taken. With her gay and joyous song is associated the prettiest face and figure that "the boys" at the Park have lately seen, and already they have found nicknames for their favorite, and the "pretty Miss Poole," or "little Poole," as she is called, will have such a benefit to-night as will make amends for the *désagremens* of a residence in a strange clime. Let all attend to pay their respects at this her first benefit in America, and show her how we Yankees can appreciate the brightest eyes and sunniest smiles of so sweet a vocalist.

The "Mirror" of this day praises very properly the "individual" who in "Fidelio," "by his admirable personation of the aged prisoner, in the chorus in the jail-yard, drew tears from many an eye by the silent pathos of his movements. It was a most artist-like picture." The "Mirror" says this "aged prisoner" was PLACIDE; it is somewhat odd that we cannot all agree as to who plays this part; we have supposed him to be NICKINSON—a friend of ours insists that it is RICHINGS, while the Mirror goes for Placide. There can be no two opinions as to the style in which the part is played—it is most excellent and as the Mirror has recently achieved a great name for accuracy in theatrical matters, we suppose we must consider the first question now at rest, and henceforth give Placide the credit!!

The ballet has gone hand in hand with opera during the week, and "Nathalie" has been more admired than any thing of the kind yet produced in the country. The story is a light and amorous tale, well told in the fine pantomime of Monsieur and Madame TAGLIONI. It concludes with a *pas de trois Tyrolien*, in which Madame PROCHE GIUBELEI appears. Her figure is very slight, but she is none the less a clever dancer, agile and graceful in her movements, but belonging to a school where simplicity and grace are chiefly aimed at. She does herself wrong, when she appears with Monsieur Taglioni in a *pas de deux*; his lofty vaulting and extraordinary *tours-de-force* cheat her of half the applause which is her due, and which she will receive when she appears under circumstances more propitious.

Taglioni took a benefit on Thursday, and "Fidelio" was repeated on the occasion. It was evident to us that the opera was received with very considerable coldness by a large majority of the audience, although as a whole, it has not yet been better executed. The opening air of Mr. Giubelei in the second act, and a magnificent duet with *Rocco* immediately following, could not have more complete justice done them, and yet very little applause followed them, and solely because the pit does not seize upon the music—it seems beyond their appreciation, until they have heard it over and over again. It would hardly be worth while to note those passages in the opera which to us seem of transcendant merit, although we had intended doing so; but we find our little book of the songs, &c., so scored and underscored, that it would be even easier to name the *unmarked* passages than those which please us. We are happy to say that Taglioni had a good house, and very fashionable; the shawl dance, which has been adapted to "La Bayadere," was introduced between the first and second acts of the opera, and was very loudly applauded.

On Monday evening Mr. Manvers takes his benefit; we need not urge his friends to attend, for we believe he has as warm ones as any individual in the company. On Tuesday evening Madame Taglioni's benefit comes off; as it is the last time we shall have the pleasure of seeing her, the house will be filled to overflowing. On Wednesday we have the whole operatic troupe in "Cinderella;" we anticipate the highest pleasure from the performance, and public curiosity is on tip-toe to see Mrs. Martyn and Giubelei in it.

The National.—The illness of Mr. KEAN has proved a sad calamity to this theatre, no less than to the distinguished tragedian. The company have been thrown upon their own resources, and have been playing comedy for the week past. The unusual attraction of the opera at the other house has drawn us so constantly there, that we have not seen how successful they have been, but from all we learn, cannot doubt that the receipts have been altogether less than the merits of the performers deserved. Next week Mr. Kean plays again, and we shall surely neglect the National no longer.

Miss CLIFTON has been playing the past week in Baltimore, at the Holiday Street Theatre, which was opened on Monday last, after having been re-painted and decorated.

Mrs. BAILEY arrived in town on Wednesday last from her Northern tour, which has been at once profitable and agreeable to her.

All the Park people will recollect Master and Miss WELLS, who last year danced there nightly. They have been playing a star engagement at the National Theatre. They are very much praised in the papers, and we believe most justly. While at the Park Miss Wells made the most rapid advance in her art, and was extremely pretty and graceful. It will surprise us, if she do not become a first rate artiste. Her brother, though of a most uninteresting age, is clever and dances very well.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

From the Knickerbocker.

After breakfast with Knowles, we walked together to the "Garrick Club," where I passed an hour agreeably in looking over the departed heroes of the stage, who tapestry the walls of several large rooms and entries. To Mrs. Siddons I paid my first homage. I had already seen her in her glorious portrait by Reynolds. What a divine woman! One feels the dignity of human nature, in a simple contemplation of her features. You but fancy her in her fine tragic visions. Your blood is congealed, and hair erect, with the contagious inspiration. If the vain image has this power, what must have been the living form and expression? And O'Neal!—the feeble taper, scarce flickering in an Irish hut, that shone afterward the brightest star of the British firmament! Is it true that a woman ran mad at her "Belvidera," and died in Bedlam? And here, in stripling youth, and serious age, is Garrick and Kemble; and Cooke stands as a rock of Atlas; and Kean stalks with hyper-tragical strut in Richard.

The next hour I spent, alone in a box of Covent Garden, overlooking a rehearsal. It was the first time I had seen the two muses in their dishabille. A sham exhibition of the passions is close on the ridiculous at best; and when the mummery is exposed in this manner, without the *prestige* of costume and decoration, it is ridiculous outright. Imagine only, a number of women and men rushing from behind a scene, making arms, and throwing themselves into comic or tragic attitudes. "Oh that's horrid!" says the manager. And then he casts himself into a situation, by way of model. They go out and rush in again upon the same sentiment; and then he jumps three feet in the air with joy at the excellence of the imitation. I would rather see any comedy than this. I strolled afterward in the immense space filled with the apparatus of the scene. How interesting to see here the human passions reduced to their elements, in pots of rouge, in dishes of tallow, and burnt cork! Groves are here leaning sentimentally against the wall, and others, erect upon the area, are breathing with Arcadian freshness. I walked through the forest of Arden, and made "the babbling gossip of the air cry out Olivia." I saw the thunder quietly reposing at the side of a snow-storm, and Cupid's wings fast asleep with Psyche's petticoat. I studied, too, the customs and manners of the artists, who have here social observances; exacting rigorously, a respect corresponding with their rank in public favor. The *prima* has a large room, and several distinctive articles of furniture, and takes especial care not to admit you a second rate to the dignity of her acquaintance. If, by the necessities of the play, she does embrace you tenderly before the world, this is no reason why she should own you in private. Queen Catharine is crying here at her mirror, Richard attitudinizes; Anne being a bonnet, with a petticoat on a bed-post. "Vouchsafe divine perfection of a woman!" You have seen Hogarth's Theatricals, this is the original.

At no other period has the English drama been so degraded. Its pleasures, being forsaken by the genteel and educated classes, have migrated from the ears almost entirely. The opera, which is a sensual, not intellectual entertainment, is yet in repute; and a portion of good comedy also remains; but the tragic muse sits deplorably amidst her empty boxes, her lamp flickering and expiring; her limbs benumbed, and her wings dripping with Bœotian fogs. Macready has thrown his torn mantle upon her: Knowles poured wholesome liquor in her parched lips, but the principle of life is *effeté*. The age of the rope-dancers has come. An elephant usurps the place where Garrick stood like a god; and Harlequin flaunts in motley, where Siddons drew her tragic robe across the scene. "Mother Goose" had a hundred nights, and "Ion," in its pure and attic spirit, and polished composition, will be content with two or three, at Covent Garden; and at Old Drury they give you such a clear and natural representation of hell, in Der Freyschuts, that you may dispense with seeing the original. I have seen these great theatres on a few occasions, recalling their halcyon days, as at Talfourd's first representation, and Malibran's adieu for the season. What vivacity, what splendor, what delight, and rational enjoyment!

Rather "free and easy."—RICCI'S comic opera of *Scaramuccia* was the other night advertised in the Lyceum bills as forthcoming, and the announcement drew a number of the lovers of music, who, however, waited impatiently until some time after the usual time of performance without any sign of the commencement of the comic opera. At length Mr. BALFE made his appearance, and apologised to the audience in a speech which did not set off Mr. LEFFLER to much advantage. He said—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I hardly know what to say; but perhaps the best thing I can do is to read the letter of Mr. LEFFLER, who was to have sustained the part of *Scaramuccia*; but who did not attend rehearsal, and who has thus excused himself to-night:—

"Dear Balfe—

"I'm very sorry to declare it,
But I have drunk so much Claret
That I can't play to-night—d—n it!

"Yours faithfully, "ADAM LEFFLER."

The reading of this letter produced mingled cries of "Shame," as against Mr. LEFFLER, and applause for Mr. BALFE, who begged the audience to accept *Diadeste*, the *Hall Porter*, and *Snap-Apple Night*, and announced that to-night the new opera would be performed, Mr. STANSBURY taking the part of *Scaramuccia* in place of LEFFLER. We regret that such a circumstance as we have been bound to narrate should in the present circumstances of the English Opera House have arisen out of the conduct of any one of those who should have co-operated for the general benefit of the establishment.—*Morning Post.*

SPONTINI *versus* THE FRENCH OPERA.—The feud between Spontini and the Opera continues to occupy the attention of the newspapers and the Government. The quarrel was first taken up by two musical gazettes, and the grievances of the illustrious Italico-Prusso-Gallo maestro are now submitted to the consideration of the Home Minister. The most serious of those grievances is said to be the "Opera having closed its door upon the nose of the composer of *La Vestale*." This certainly would be a very impertinent proceeding, but fortunately it is but a rather hyperbolic metaphor. The plain fact is this. M. Spontini wished, some time ago, to witness a performance of *The Huguenots*; according to custom all the places were let, and M. Spontini, who was not aware of it, seated himself in an amphitheatre stall. The owner of the place came in at the moment of the overture, and, his voucher in hand, claimed his seat, which was numbered, politely informing the occupant of it that it belonged to him M. Spontini, without moving, replied—

"Sir, I have had my *entrées* at the Opera these thirty years past."

"This may be, Sir, but permit me, who am come hither for the first time to behold the performance."

"Sir, you don't know me."

"No, Sir, I have not that honour."

"I am the author of *La Vestale!*"

"It is very possible, but I must have my seat."

"I am the author of *Ferrand Cortez!*"

"I dare say you are."

"I composed *Olympia!*"

"I don't say you did not, but it is my place that I want."

"I am master of the chapel to his Prussian Majesty."

"That does you great honour, but...."

"In short, Sir, I am Spontini."

"Were you Mozart himself, that would be no reason for taking my place."

Upon which M. Spontini left the amphitheatre, declaring that the Opera had turned him out of doors.—*Paris Print.*

HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY
TO BE CALLED
WILLIAM RUFUS; OR, THE RED ROVER.

ACT I.

Walter Tyrrel, the son of a Norman Papa,
Has, somehow or other, a Saxon Mamma:
Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons,
He's a sort of a Sub in the Rufus dragoons;
Has travell'd, but comes home abruptly, the rather
That some unknown rascal has murder'd his father;
And scarce has he pick'd out, and stuck in his quiver,
The arrow that pierc'd the old gentleman's liver,
When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone,
That his Sweetheart has bolted,—with whom is not known.
But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
At court, with her character grown rather shady;
This gives him the "Blues," and impairs the delight
He'd have otherwise felt when they dub him a Knight
For giving a runaway stallion a check,
And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.

ACT 2.

Sir Walter has dressed himself up like a Ghost,
And frightens a soldier away from his post;
Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher,
Draws it over his ears, and pretends he's a Friar.
This gains him access to his Sweetheart, Miss Faucit;
But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet,
Where, oddly enough, among some of her things
He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's,
Of the very same pattern of those which he found
Sticking into his father when dead on the ground!
Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door,
Bounces into the Drawing-room, stamps on the floor,
With an oath on his tongue, and revenge in his eye,
And blows up King William the second sky-high,
Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs,
That his Majesty bids his men kick him down stairs.

ACT 3.

King Rufus is cross when he comes to reflect
That as King he's been treated with gross disrespect;
So he pens a short note to a holy physician,
And gives him a rather unholy commission,
Viz. to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
Which the chances are Tyrrel may find and drink up.
Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
Perceives in his walks this same cup on the altar.
As he feels rather thirsty, he's just about drinking,
When Miss Faucit, in tears, comes in running like winking;
He pauses of course, and as she's thirsty too,
Says, very politely, "Miss F., after you!"
The young Lady curtsies, and, being so dry,
Raises somehow her fair little-finger so high,
That there's not a drop left him to "wet t'other eye;"
While, the dose is so strong, to his grief and surprise,
She merely says, "Thankee, Sir Walter!" and dies.
At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
Pops in *en passant* on the desperate lover,
Who has vow'd, not five minutes before, to transfix him;
—So he does,—he just pulls out his arrow and sticks him.
From the strength of his arm, and the force of his blows,
The Red-bearded Rover falls flat on his nose;
And Sir Walter, thus having concluded his quarrel,
Walks down to the foot-lights, and draws this fine moral.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,
Lead sober lives;—
Don't meddle with other folks' Sweethearts and Wives!—
When you go out a sporting, take care of your Gun,
And—Never shoot elderly people for fun!"

Bentley's Miscellany.

Hamilton King, or The Smuggler and the Dwarf: by the Old Sailor, (author of "Tough Yarns," "Stories of Greenwich Hospital," &c.,) is the title of a new novel which has just been published in two volumes, 12mo., by Lea and Blanchard of Philadelphia, and which is for sale in town at the Carvills'. We have not found time to read it.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshelwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1839, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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